

THE ACADEMY.

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LITERATURE.

The Orkneys and Shetland: their Past and Present State. By John R. Tudor. (Stanford.)

THE Scandinavian isles of Scotland are still among the least-known portion of unexplored Britain, notwithstanding their easy accessibility by sea. The two groups are, however, widely scattered, and communication between the detached members is difficult and irregular. Roads are few, and railways unknown. Hospitality is lavish to anyone with proper introductions; but a people living so secluded from the busy world naturally regard with prudent suspicion "ferry loupers" newly landed from the Granton boat, while inns are few and hardly to the taste of the ordinary tourist. Hence we are occasionally astounded by gathering from official documents that the Whitehall functionaries are under the impression that the Orcadians speak Gaelic; and that the Shetlanders, instead of being peopled by a polished race of pure Norse origin, who would be indignant were they compared with the clowns of Kent and Sussex, are inhabited by semi-civilised autochthones who feed on sea-fowl and are in urgent need of missionaries. In a dictionary which went through many editions, Zetland is described as a land "where the sun does not set for two months in summer, and does not rise for two months in winter;" and it stands on record that the Commissioners of Customs refused to pay bounties on some herrings caught during the winter season in Shetland waters on the ground that no fish could have been caught there, as the islands were at that period of the year surrounded by ice. Indeed, in a very recent map, now before me, the Arctic ice is represented as extending as far south as Orkney.

Such ignorance cannot, however, be general, and, with so exhaustive a work as Mr. Tudor's in the libraries, is now even less excusable than it was formerly. The literature of the Northern islands is tolerably extensive. Hibbert, Edmonston, and Cowie, among other and less systematic authors, have written admirable works on the group, but their volumes are now out of date; for, though Scandinavian Scotland does not move very rapidly, any who visits them after an absence of ten or twenty years is astonished at the changes which the islands have undergone in that interval. The Shetlandman is still a fisherman with a farm, and the Orkneyman a farmer who fishes; but old manners, prejudices, and practices are dying out, except in some of the remoter isles. There is nevertheless enough yet remaining to make the study of

Thule and the Orcades extremely interesting to the ethnologist, philologist, historian, and antiquary, while their importance to the naturalist concerned with Northern forms and to the geologist studying glacial traces is of course even greater to-day than in former times, when such questions hardly ruffled the surface of the scientific world. In these respects they are hardly second to the outer Hebrides. In Foula and Fair Isle a semblance of the prehistoric man still survives; and implements in daily use often startle the student by the light they throw on some over which the cave men are fighting bloodless battles. Up to the year 1468 Norse Jarls ruled the islands; and it is still a fit theme for Academical discussion whether the non-payment of "the annual of Norway" and the pledging of Orkney for 50,000 florins as surety for Margaret of Denmark's dowry constitute a good title in law for the present holders. The representatives of the old Norse families are almost extinct among the large landowners, but among the "peerie lairds of Harray" the ancient line of Odalsmen exists in unbroken succession. In Harray, indeed, the Norse tongue is said to have lingered so late as 1757; and in Foula, Low, who published his "Tour" in 1774, took down from the lips of William Henry a ballad of thirty-five stanzas describing the loves of an Earl of Orkney and the daughter of a "King of Narroway." Even then the people had "Norwegian transactions at their finger's end," though they knew little about the doings of the rest of Europe; and to this day the islanders talk about "Scotchmen" in a manner which is not at all comforting to the advocates of political pan-Anglicanism. In 1593, according to the *Fasti Ecclesiae Scotticane*, the minister of Unst was compelled to proceed to Norway to learn Norse, as his flock were unacquainted with any other language. By the will of Sir David Sinclair of Swinbrocht, dated 1506, his pious legacies were divided between Magnus Kirk in Tingwall and St. George's Altar at Roeskilde, the ancient capital of Denmark, though on none of my many pilgrimages to the Danish Domkirke town could I light on any trace of the chain of office (as Captain of the Bergen Palace) which the ruler of Zetland bequeathed to the latter fane. The names of most of the islands are simply corrupt Icelandic, while the terms applied to nearly every article of fishing gear are nearly the same as those in use along the shores of Norway and Denmark.

The reader who is curious in such matters will find ample information in Mr. Tudor's laborious work. Though he modestly deprecates any higher claim than that of a compiler, it is to all intents and purposes an original description of the islands, derived from personal observation, into which is incorporated and brought up to date everything of value in the writings of his predecessors. The volume is, in truth, almost exhaustive so far as topography and history are concerned. The same may be fairly claimed for Messrs. Peach and Horne's chapter on the geology; but the botanical and zoological sketches are the least satisfactory portion of the work, and the scientific names are invariably printed in a manner which at

once proclaims to a naturalist that the editor is imperfectly acquainted with the laws of biological nomenclature. The sportsman cannot, however, find fault with the section devoted to his speciality, nor the general tourist with the care taken to supply accurate information regarding the means available for reaching the different localities mentioned. In brief, Mr. Tudor's book has quite superseded any other of its kind, and is simply indispensable to those who propose examining the Northern isles. Specialists may perhaps find what they are in search of in more recondite quarters, but they will save themselves endless labour by referring to the very full bibliography appended to the volume under review. Curiously enough, the only serious contribution to Zetlandic literature omitted is Mr. Thomas Edmonston's *Flora of Shetland* (though at p. 559 reference is made to it, and the author erroneously designated as "Professor of Botany in the University of Glasgow") and the important additions to it which Mr. Craig Christie has at different times published in the *Edinburgh Botanical Transactions*. The botanical names of the Fair Isle dyes (p. 439) are also very obsolete, though Mr. Tudor very properly corrects the current tradition regarding the flag-ship of the Duke de Medina Sidonia having been wrecked on this island. The story is indeed so captivating for the *amour propre* of the Northerners that it persists despite the most absolute proof of its baselessness. Apart from the fact of Mr. James Melville, the contemporary minister of Anstruther, mentioning the name of the captain of the Fair Isle castaway in his diary, and thus enabling us to get at the name of his ship, Lord Burghley has jotted against the name of Juan Gomez de Medina in the list of the Armada, now in the British Museum, that "this man's ship was doomed 17 Sept. in ye Ile of Furemare, Scotland." The vessel was really *El Gran Grifon*, a chartered transport of Rostock, commanded by "Jan Gomes de Medina, Generall of twentie houlkes." The minister of Anstruther who, in 1588, was so unconsciously helping the historian describes him as "a verie reuerend man, of big stature and graue and stout countenance, gray heared and verie humble lyk." Don Juan was, however, indifferently "humble lyk" when he asked Malcolm Sinclair whether he had ever seen a finer man, and was promptly informed by the bluff tacksman of Umphray that he had "seen many a prettier man hanging in the Borough Moor."

The glossary of Orkney and Shetland words is excellently done. Indeed, after examining it very critically, I am unable to detect any grave errors. Still, in future editions it might be well to delete the *h* in "Bught" (p. 648), while it is needless to search for *gres*, "a pig," in the Sveo-Gothic, since this is actually the Danish word preserved in Caithness, Orkney, and Shetland to this day. *Holm*, an island, may, of course, come primarily from Sveo-Gothic (p. 656), but in modern Norse it is exactly the same word. The Danish "qvoern" should be spelled "qvern," and it may be of interest to know that the *Skat*, or Odaller's land-tax, is still a familiar term in Scandinavia. In like manner

the Orkney and Shetland "Vadmel" is a cloth commonly woven by the country folk of Sjælland and other parts of Denmark; and we venture to think that when Mr. Tudor declares that "Hill Trows" have nothing to do with hills, but are named from the Icelandic *hillda*, "unseen," he is, in seeking far away for a vague etymology, passing over the true one much nearer at hand (p. 668). In Denmark the Troid (not "Droll," as Mr. Tudor has it) appears in various forms. There are, for example, Hill Trolds, Water Trolds, and those Kirke Trolds which, in old Orkney, were deemed "waur deils" than any of them. The "Kirke Troid" is, however, more a Norwegian elf than the other two, though all the "Trolds" are really, so far as Danish folk-lore is concerned, importations from the Northern peninsula. But the Hill Troid (Høj Troid) is so called from living under a *høj*, or hill, and in all the illustrations to stories touching his pranks is invariably represented in or about a green mound. Mr. Tudor seems to have obtained his reference to Norse customs solely from du Chaillu's *Land of the Midnight Sun*, otherwise he would have known that the old Shetland custom of throwing "three clods" on a corpse is still practised not only in Sweden, but all over Scandinavia. It is, of course, a tribute to the Trinity, and is on a par with the three strokes of the bell-clapper which the village sexton in Denmark gives after ringing the midday and evening peals.

These trifles are, however, small blemishes in so admirable a work, which, with its profusion of maps and wood-cuts, is not likely to be soon superseded. But we may suggest that the easy diction, which often verges perilously on slang, though it might have been suitable enough for the sporting paper in which some of the chapters first appeared, is out of place in a treatise destined for a different class of readers and for a longer literary life.

ROBERT BROWN.

RECENT TRANSLATIONS OF SOPHOCLES.

Sophocles, the Seven Plays in English Verse.
By Prof. L. Campbell. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Sophocles, the Seven Plays in English Verse.
By Robert Whitelaw. (Rivingtons.)

The Philoctetes of Sophocles, in English Prose. By M. T. Tatham. (Spottiswoode.)

THE art of translation has become very fashionable in our generation. Instead of the old school cribs done in the shabbiest way, and with the lowest views, by ignorant or unsuccessful creatures on the outskirts of scholarship, we have now the most prominent professors and fellows of colleges and schoolmasters essaying themselves in this field. Some content themselves with turning classical prose-authors into idiomatic and lucid English; others are more ambitious, and appear as poets for the purpose of reproducing the poetry of another age and tongue. In addition, indeed, to these aspiring scholars, we have our greatest poets condescending to try the same ever-tempting problem, which each of them solves, and yet fails to solve. If any version is generally accepted even for a few years it is a rare and wonderful success; for,

like fashions in dress, the taste in translations changes, and what appeared perfect to one age is almost ridiculous in the next.

So it is that, in addition to the poets, professional or occasional, who work in this field, we have a new school of translators who assert that a dignified prose version of a Greek or Latin poet is the most faithful, and therefore the best method of giving him to the modern public.

This is, no doubt, a very convenient theory for a scholar who is a wonderful poet in Greek and Latin, but feels in himself an inability to figure as such in English; and, if this be an unkind way of putting it, we can only say that the public will hardly be persuaded that a man having a feeling for form, and with facility for verse, would not prefer to use this vehicle in reproducing for modern ears a poetical literature whose strictness of form was of its very essence. One cannot but think that this curious fashion—a sort of apotheosis of the old crib-monger—has started in the professor's lecture-room, where the most valuable lecturing on classical texts now consists (at least in England) in showing by English idioms the exact force, or the supposed exact force, of Greek and Latin idioms. As Mr. Whitelaw puts it in his Preface (p. ix.), "it is, I believe, increasingly felt that a good translation is a commentary of the best kind." So it is, and from this point of view prose is better than verse; but to expect it to take a place higher than that of a scholarly and gentlemanly crib is to expect more than is reasonable. No public, not even the very prosaic English public, will ever be persuaded by its professors, however lauded and admired, to be content with Homer, or Aeschylus, or Sophocles, or Aristophanes, or Theocritus in English prose. Those who can read Greek at all fluently will care little for any translation; those who cannot will prefer, and ought to prefer, even a very loose poetical version. There remains the small but very important class, from the paedagogic point of view, of those who are learning to read Latin and Greek. To such the scholarly prose version is undoubtedly an excellent commentary, and, if honestly used, cannot fail to stimulate their progress. If this is the object of Mr. Tatham's *Philoctetes*, he has accomplished it well. It is an honest translation, in readable English, and showing a careful study of the difficulties of the original. A few notes, however, on other renderings of disputed passages, and, above all, an indication of the lines of the Greek in the margin of his book, would have made it very complete in its way. But this modest estimate of the pretensions of a modern prose translation will not satisfy those who pursue it as a high art; and I find most scholars are so hurt at a free expression of opinion, that I beseech those among them who are my esteemed friends not to set it down as wickedness in me, but as the judgment of one who has no faculty for turning Greek or Latin either into prose or verse. Time will decide between us.

Moreover, if it appears too strong a statement that any poetical translation, however loose, is better than prose, we are no longer obliged to fall back on loose versions, since now we have from good scholars poetical

versions really attending not only to the spirit, but to the letter, of the original. This, no doubt, is one great good done by the accurate prose translations. They have reacted upon the rest, and so raised the standard which men seek to attain. The two larger works before us are striking instances of this. If we compare either of them with Potter, or with Dale, or even with Mr. Plumptre, we cannot hesitate to pronounce it a great advance. A faithful adherence to the original has evidently been studied, no less than the attainment of absolute literary merit. But when we come to compare two such excellent works and endeavour to declare our preference, and give reasons for it, the task becomes exceedingly difficult. Comparing them passage by passage, we prefer sometimes the one, sometimes the other.

On the whole, however, Mr. Whitelaw's translation adheres more closely to the original; and, if direct reminiscences of Shakspeare, Milton, Arnold, and Browning are certainly more frequent, these are no blemishes, perhaps even a merit in such kind of work. To show an idiom in one of our great poets as truly representing the thought of a Greek poet is to suggest a point of much literary interest. Mr. Whitelaw's principle of translating the choruses into unrimed lines gives him an advantage over his competitor; but, on the other hand, effective riming has its unconquerable charm. In the matter of English, it is dangerous to censure a writer so versed in the great masters; but surely, however "to deathward" (*Ant.* 283) may be defended by the Biblical "to usward," "from the Thraceward" (*Ant.* 589) is more than odd. In the same play, the "waters wan" (334) and "short shrift" (933) are modernisms; and so, perhaps, is "fine gold of Ind" (1038). "Splenetive" is an odd and not satisfactory rendering of *κεροπλοῦς* (958, 960); and (804) "The fountains of my tears, I can refrain no more," is perhaps a clerical error. This is the kind of flaw which a reader anxious to find fault may often track out in the book—generally doubtful English rather than incorrect translation.

In Prof. Campbell's work there is, perhaps, greater smoothness and beauty in the lyric parts, but not unfrequently additions or alterations for the sake of rime, which remind one of the old versions. Thus, of the Argive host compared to an eagle (*Ant.* 115), "These stooped above the domes, with lust of carnage fired," introduces an idea foreign to the Greeks. Again (1086), "That stains their incense with polluted breath" gives us more than the original. Again (*Elect.* 154), "Sad Niobe, whose moan is muffled in thy sepulchre of stone," gives us a wrong picture of that famous figure. In *Oed. Col.* (669 *sgg.*), the first chorus opens with "Friend" (*ἑὺν*), for which Mr. Whitelaw more properly has "Stranger;" and presently a whole line (683) is added to the original—viz., "Bright flowers their never-failing bloom renew."

But why search for these trifles when the merits of the book are really great? It is only to justify a slight preference for Mr. Whitelaw's version. Perhaps the Prefaces increase this feeling, for, while Mr. Whitelaw's is quite downright and to the point, Prof. Campbell has given us an æsthetic essay, which leaves but a vague

impression on the mind. But we may indeed congratulate the English public who want to read Sophocles on having to choose between such exponents of his poetry. Both are excellent, and the judgment here hazarded in preference of the one may doubtless be reversed by other critics. I will conclude by citing the parallel versions of a passage so famous that many readers will be able to judge between them without referring to the familiar Greek. It is but fair to repeat that the task of comparing translations is not to be settled by one or two passages. Like a neck-and-neck race, in which each competitor in turn gains and loses his advantage, till the spectators are at their wits' end to know which is really the better, so it is with this art of translating. Where one is happy the other seems tame, and yet the next page may reverse our judgment.

We take the first antistrophe of the famous Herodotean ode, *Oed. Col.* 1211 sqq. Here is Prof. Campbell's version:—

"Far best were ne'er to be,
But, once he hath seen the day,
Next best by far for each to flee,
As swiftly as each may,
Yonder from whence he came;
For let but Youth be there
With her light fooleries, who shall name
The unnumbered brood of Care?
No trial spared, no fall!
Feuds, battles, murders, rage,
Envy, and, last of all,
Despised, dim, friendless age!
Ay, then all evils, crowded in one room,
Each at his worst of ill, augment the gloom."

Here is Mr. Whitelaw's:—

"Not to be born is past disputing best:
And, after this, his lot transcends
Who, seen on earth for briefest while,
Thither returns from whence he came.
For, with its fluttering follies all aswarm,
Who needs, while Youth abides, go far afield
To heap vexation? What's the missing plague?
Slaughters are here, and strife,
Factions, and wars, and spite.
And still Life's crowning ills to bear—
Last scene of all, of all condoned,
Unfriended, unaccompanied age,
When strength is gone, but grief remains,
And every evil that is named—
Evil of evil, grief of grief."

J. P. MAHAFFY.

BIBLIOTHECA WIFFENIANA.

Spanish Reformers of Two Centuries, from 1520. Described by Edward Boehmer. Vol. II. (Trübner.)

TIME has brought about few more singular revenges than that of the zealous study of the works of the Spanish Reformers. At the beginning of the century no class of European literature was less known and less read. Men had forgotten both the names of the authors and the titles of their works. Of many of these only single or fragmentary copies were known to exist, and more were supposed to have perished; but the eager search of enthusiastic votaries in our day in European public libraries has been almost annually rewarded by some fresh discovery. The first to call general attention to the subject was a Scotch divine, Dr. McCrie; his History was followed later by that of Castro, in Spanish, in 1851. Meanwhile, the lively narratives of that strange missionary, George Borrow, had kept up the interest already

aroused. But it was not till after the meeting of Wiffen and Luis de Usoz y Rio in London, in 1837, that the task of collecting and reprinting these forgotten and almost perishing works was seriously undertaken. Some twenty volumes have appeared in the series of "*Reformistas Antiguos Españoles.*" Since the death of the first editors, the work has been continued by the late M. de Brunet at San Sebastian, by Boehmer in Germany, and by J. T. Betts in England. The ancient classics have scarcely been edited with more zeal and care than have these of the once obscure Reformers of Spain. They have been happy, too, in finding a worthy antagonist; and, should these reprints become exhausted, their memory will still live in the brilliant pages of the *Historia de los Heterodoxos.*

The present volume is the second of a work of almost monumental character, in which Prof. Boehmer gives an account of all that can be collected as to the lives of these Reformers, but especially as to the bibliography of their writings. He does this with the exact learning, the unwearied patience, and the attention to minute detail which characterise the best work of German authors. Almost the only defect we have to notice is that the English of this volume presents a marked decline on that of vol. i. It is a thousand pities that the MS. was not revised by some competent English friend. We feel this most of all in the numerous references, which, by reason sometimes of the omission of the volume or page, by the insertion of superfluous pronouns, or by the use of a double "not," are frequently most difficult to be understood. Here and there, when a document is epitomised, the English given is such that all we can be sure of is that the author did not write what is given in the text. Wiffen, as a Friend, sometimes wrote quaint English; but he never penned such a sentence as this on p. 77: "This man was a corrector to the print of such books as were printed at Geneva." The "weapon" of a cardinal, p. 30, we conjecture to mean the "arms" in the heraldic sense; "conterranean," p. 182, may be equivalent to "fellow-countryman." But, if from style and arrangement we turn to matter, the book is full of information. We have here, as elsewhere, abundant proof of the great part which mere gossip played in the religious struggle of the sixteenth century, owing to the credulity of the antagonists on both sides. Some of this—e.g., that relating to the last days of Charles V.—Dr. Boehmer fully exposes on p. 23; and other items are ruthlessly examined elsewhere.

If we look at the account of the Reformers given in these two volumes, it is not hard to see why, apart from external persecution and the vigilance of the Inquisition, the Reformation failed to establish itself in Spain. The chief Spanish Reformers never seem to have attached themselves definitely to any of the great schools of religious thought, nor to have attempted to found a national Spanish Church. Their teaching is too vague and indefinite. They adopted neither the broad humanitarianism of Luther nor the ideal theocratic commonwealth of Calvin, nor did they make their appeal to primitive antiquity as did the Church of England.

This last has indeed been done in Spain, but it has been by statesmen on political, or on higher grounds by Jesuits, as Burriel, 1750, and Masden, 1817; but not by the Reformers until our own day. Their mystic writings, too, which are some of their best, are fully equalled by those of the opposite side. Chapters from Luis de Granada's works were incorporated in the writings of the Protestant Constantino de la Fuente, and were the inseparable companions of even such a free-lance as the Abbate Marchena. The doctrinal affinities of the separate Reformers are not fully traced out either by Boehmer or by Menendez Pelayo, though their works will greatly aid subsequent writers in doing so. In this respect we are disappointed in the tables of comparative extracts (pp. 322–52) of translations of the Bible into Spanish. These seem all to be chosen with reference to literary considerations only. But had such passages been selected as the opening verses of St. John's Gospel, the reader would have been in a position to judge how far the action of the Trinitarian Bible Society, and that of the Spanish bishops, was justified in rejecting some of these versions, on account of the substitution of *estar* for *ser* to denote the relations of the Trinity, of *la palabra* for *el Verbo* as a translation of *ὁ Λόγος*, &c. The number of Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Reina's Bible alone (including Valera's revisions) printed in Spain by the Bible Society between 1869–82 is given from official lists (p. 290) as 1,501,000 copies. This is exclusive of other versions printed in Spain, such as Scio's; of all those printed in Great Britain, France, or the United States; of all Roman Catholic versions; of all dialectic versions in Basque, Catalan, Gypsy, &c.; and of all of any kind printed before 1869. A chance catalogue of general literature of a second-hand Madrid bookseller lying before me contains, beside Protestant versions, five large editions of Scio between 1816 and 1868, and we know of others. It gives also Roman Catholic versions by Amat, Santos, and de Sacy. The opposition to the printing of the Bible in Spain has evidently been exaggerated by controversialists.

We fear lest, while dealing with details, we may leave a false impression on our readers. We repeat, therefore, that, in spite of defects which are more irritating than important, this work contains a mass of information, especially as to bibliography, not to be found elsewhere, and must always be the standard and indispensable work of reference to all students of the subject.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

Folk-Medicine: a Chapter in the History of Culture. By William George Black. (Published for the Folk-Lore Society by Elliot Stock.)

THIS is, in my opinion, about the most valuable work yet issued by the Folk-Lore Society. Not only are the various subjects treated in a clear and consecutive manner, but the scope is wide and comprehensive, while chapter and verse follow almost every quotation or fact adduced, thereby placing the student at once in a position to verify

everything for himself. Those who have read and studied European and Oriental folk-lore for themselves, and made notes of such facts as have come under their own observation, will find that while Mr. Black's work is suggestive it is far from being exhaustive. In fact, it would be almost impossible to enumerate all the facts and fancies one gleans in our own outlying places, much less could one be expected to place on record all that is to be obtained, either at first or second hand, in countries less advanced in the knowledge of medicine than ourselves. In those lands where medicine is still unknown as a science, and everyone resorts to the use of herbs, charms, animals, and such-like things for the cure of diseases, a wide field is open to the student; but my own personal experience of the matter teaches me that the folk-medicine of the English peasant is exactly the same as that of the heathen Chinese. Thus in Lincolnshire, Aberdeenshire, and elsewhere, mice used to be employed for certain complaints. In the former place they were fried for whooping-cough. (As I write, a relative living in Sussex informs me that a neighbour cured her child of a very troublesome complaint by baking a mouse and grinding it to powder, and she strongly recommends the recipe!) In Canton, South China, I one day overtook a lad in the streets of the city carrying a *so-shü*—a kind of shrew-mouse—by the tail, and enquired what he intended doing with it. He replied that when it had been roasted in a *wok*, or cauldron, and ground to powder it would be put into some gruel to cure a lad suffering from a big belly! Mr. Dyer mentions in his *English Folk-Lore* that in Oxfordshire children were wont to be cured of whooping-cough by drinking milk which had been left by a fox. In the same way the people of China effect a cure on their children. A friend of mine living near Canton once possessed a monkey, which he observed to be constantly receiving attention from the natives around. On one occasion he noticed that the people threw down a banana to the animal, and, when it was half eaten, snatched it up again and ran away. He enquired their object, and was told that if their children ate the remainder of the fruit it would prove an effectual cure for the complaints from which they were suffering.

Mr. Black devotes a whole chapter to the study of Personal Cures; but, while he takes us from England to Persia and from Egypt to China, and even introduces us to the Holy Land, he does not mention any case from Holy Writ which teaches us that cures by touch were believed in. Surely this is to be clearly argued from the case of the woman who said, "If I may but touch the hem of His garment I shall be made whole." There can be no doubt that the woman's faith was based upon a long-established credulity existing in the popular mind.

The author's notice of plant-medicine is scanty considering the wonderful field which the study of local plant-cures opens up. In the Midlands great faith is still placed in herbs, and the people are very fond of a "diadrink" (i.e., diet drink), which they make from a particular number of different plants. A lady recently told me that honey

was good for stings, and, in fact, "for most things, because it is extracted from all the different kinds of herbs," and so must contain all the virtues of the same. In Somersetshire nine leaves of a certain plant, and in Devon seven or nine, must be employed for producing cures. On the use of numbers Mr. Black has some interesting notes, as also on the use of colours. Mr. Farrer's valuable remarks and references (*Primitive Manners and Customs*, chap. ix.) might have been quoted among the authorities adduced in connexion with this subject. In Northants the meanest weeds sometimes find a place in the herb-medicine of the peasants. I one day called to see a young person who was reported to be ill, and found her fomenting her face with a dark decoction made of groundsel (*Senecio vulgaris*) steeped in boiling water. Thinking she might be suffering from a boil, or pains in the face, I asked what object she had in view in using this. Her simple reply was, "They say it takes away freckles and spots, and makes the skin fair." I replied that she must be very anxious to make herself handsome, and, as my pastoral services were not required for such a purpose, forthwith took my leave. In Oxon the plant just mentioned is said to be a capital remedy for rheumatism.

A belief in the power of the seventh son to work almost miraculous cures still lingers in the West of England. As I was crossing from Ipplepen to Newton Abbot in South Devon one day not long since I was overtaken by a labouring man who readily entered into conversation respecting the virtues of plants. He told me a number of wonderful stories about the seventh son of a seventh son who lived not many years ago at Torquay, and who had cured two or three people of his acquaintance by means of herbs after all the doctors had given them up. It is a curious thing that a seventh son should be "looked upon with horror in Portugal," where he is supposed to assume the likeness of an ass on Saturdays. A friend of mine in Northants says she has sucked a frog's mouth through a muslin bag for the cure of whooping cough, while another person assures me that when her only child (now only four years of age, therefore quite recently) was suffering from the same complaint, having tried everything people recommended, she last of all put a hair between bread and butter and gave it to a dog. The child eventually recovered. Some say the crowfoot (*Ranunculus repens*) is the only useless herb there is, but in Oxon and Northants there is a flower just now in bloom which is said to have been stigmatised by the Virgin and condemned to a life of inutilty. She used to employ it for the manufacture of an ointment, but on one occasion

"She could not find in time of need,
And so she pinched it for a weed."

Just as the fish caught by Peter and the ass ridden by the Saviour still bear a distinguishing mark, so every leaf of this plant has a dark spot in the centre just as though it had been pinched, on which account it goes by the name of "pinch-weed." In Bucks and Oxon one very frequently finds the mantel-piece in cottage homes bedecked with the shaking grass (*Briza media*), and, though

the old idea is fast dying out, it used to be firmly believed that ague would not enter where the "quakers"—the local name—were kept. In Oxon, Yarrow tea is said to be as good for a cold as chamomile, and had I space at my disposal many other similar illustrations of folk-medicine might be recorded.

The Introduction and concluding essay of the volume are very valuable, but into the questions there discussed I cannot enter. I have found a few misprints and errors in the references. On p. 92 the name *Kuang-minrg* has a very strange appearance, even for a Chinese word, and the penultimate letter must be deleted in order to make the word pronounceable (*ming*). For "berth," on p. 224, read "birth." In three instances out of four we have p. 197* in the Index, and once rightly p. 197†. I have often heard of the nettle-rash, but never of the nettle-rush, as the name of a troublesome eruption; yet, in the text (p. 199) and Index alike, the latter form is employed. The fastidious botanist will find some eyesores in the way in which the names of plants are spelled, without any regard for the use of capital letters, and this sums up the whole of my fault-finding. The triviality of these few points would only be noticed by the critic, and the folk-loreist will find much to repay his careful study. Some books of this class are only fit for light reading; but, while Mr. Black's volume is as entertaining as a novel, it suggests many thoughts which the ethnologist, anthropologist, and even divine may find it worth his while to investigate.

HILDERIC FRIEND.

OLD-FRENCH REPRINTS.

Lyoner Ysopet. Edited by Wendelin Förster.
Les Tragédies de Robert Garnier. Edited by Wendelin Förster. Vols. I.-III. (Heilbronn: Henninger.)

THE series of editions of French MSS. which Messrs. Henninger have for some time been producing has been very welcome to students of Old French, and it is with at least equal gladness that they receive a companion series of reprints of printed books which has been more recently started. The inexhaustible stores of French literature cannot be attacked in too many quarters at once if they are to be made accessible to the world; moreover, in the matter of reprints especially, there is observable in France itself a certain tendency to get into grooves. No sooner has one edition of an author made its appearance than somebody seems to think it his duty to produce another. This may be all very well as evidence of an encouragement to emulation among editing scholars; but it is a little unsatisfactory to reading scholars, in whose case *le mieux* is emphatically the *ennemi du bien*. The two series of which we are now speaking, over which Dr. Förster and Herr Vollmöller respectively preside, appear to be directed in a more intelligent spirit. If we are not mistaken, all the volumes of the older series, or all but one, give texts which, at any rate in their entirety, are new to print. The volumes issued and forthcoming of reprints are all works which no modern or critical

editor has touched at all. This is as it should be, and it may be added that the books are excellently produced as books. They are not quite so cheap as the old Bibliothèque elzévirienne, or the still more surprising volumes of the Belgian Academy; but books in general have got dearer in Germany since the war. In precision and scholarly fullness of editing they leave nothing to desire. German editors are, indeed, sometimes apt (it may be from modesty, it may be from contempt of such frivolities) to leave out of sight the literary, as opposed to the purely philological, aspect of the works they edit. But anyone who has a taste, if not a vocation, for literary criticism may be rather grateful for this abstinence, because it leaves him something to do.

The *Ysopet* which Dr. Förster has here published is, like the other works which go under that general title, a version of a certain division of the numerous fables in prose and verse which went, in the Middle Ages, under the name of Aesop. In this case the original is the unnamed elegiac writer who has received the designation of *Anonymus Neveleti* from his appearance in the collection of Nevelet, and whose verses Dr. Förster has carefully edited with the French. The chief literary interest of the latter lies, of course, in the comparison of it with other *Ysopets*, and especially with that of Marie. It belongs to the same century, though, probably, to a later period, for, in the first place, there are distinct traces of allegory in it, and in the second place the handling is much more diffuse. If the originals had been the same (which they were not), this last trait would have been decisive; but, even as it is, it is strong. The *Anonymus* himself is not unduly diffuse, though he is terribly given to playing on words ("sic nocet innocuo nocuus causamque nocendi Inventit"). He dispatches the Wolf and the Lamb in sixteen lines. His translator makes seventy of them, which, even allowing for the different capacity of the octosyllable and of the hexameter or pentameter, is exorbitant. Now Marie had found half the number enough to put the story much more pointedly. Indeed, point is not the *forte* of this writer, though he has a considerable faculty of easy narration. He is philologically interesting, because he writes in a dialect which has many peculiarities, especially in the use of the vowels.

The reprint of Garnier is of even more general interest. The late M. Jannet once remarked that "les tragédies de Garnier sont chez tous les libraires." "Every bookseller," in this phrase, may rank with the celebrated "every school-boy." The plays are, of course, not, in the proper sense, rare; but a book which has not been reprinted since the early years of the seventeenth century is scarcely likely to be found "chez tous les libraires." Yet Garnier is the most considerable figure in French tragedy before Corneille, and his masterpiece, "Les Juives," is very well worth reading indeed. With perhaps not unpardonable patriotism, Dr. Förster assigns to his countryman Ebert the glory of having rediscovered Garnier. It is, however, somewhat unfair to speak of Messrs. Darmesteter and Hatzfeldt's excellent *Seizième Siècle en France* merely as having "popularised Ebert's results."

It did much more than popularise Ebert, though it left something for others to do. The three volumes before us include the six "classical" plays (one of which Kyd translated, and which are very closely modelled upon Seneca) and also "Les Juives," but the almost equally interesting "Bradamante" is reserved for the fourth and last. In "Les Juives," however, the reader has the best possible opportunity of judging what Corneille, with some hints from the despised Hardy, did for French tragedy.

Dr. Förster promises, contrary to the wont above mentioned, a short biographical and critical study in his last volume, which will be welcome. We are also glad to see that the series is to comprise an edition of Mariat, who is well worth reprinting, and who is at present less accessible even than his fore-runner.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

NEW NOVELS.

A Struggle for Fame. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Red Riding-Hood. By Fanny E. Millett Notley. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

True to the Core: a Romance of '98. By C. J. Hamilton. In 2 vols. (White.)

One Summer. By Blanche Willis Howard. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir; or, the History of Two Weeks. By the Author of "The New Utopia." (Burns & Oates.)

MRS. J. H. RIDDELL has considerably changed her style since the days when she wrote *George Geith of Fen Court* and the rather powerful but decidedly melancholy stories which immediately succeeded that popular book. Dr. Downward, in Mr. Wilkie Collins's *Armada*, said of the ideal novelist, "All we want of him is—occasionally to make us laugh, and invariably to make us comfortable;" but Mrs. Riddell, in her first period, evidently differed from the proprietor of the Hampstead Sanatorium, for she disdained to make her readers laugh, and consistently endeavoured to make them as uncomfortable as possible. There were few notes in the scale of human misery that Mrs. Riddell did not strike; and, even when things were going prosperously with her characters, she was careful to spoil our thoughtless complacency by numerous hints of troubles in store. Women young enough and comfortable enough to enjoy the luxury of "a good cry" doubtless revelled in these records of wretchedness; but those of us whose tastes in the main coincided with Dr. Downward's wished for something a little more cheerful. At last we have got it, and we are, or ought to be, grateful accordingly. There is very little that is depressing in *A Struggle for Fame*, for we are not made seriously unhappy by the misfortunes of a heroine who fails to fascinate us; and there is a good deal of light comedy, with here and there a touch of farce, which is entertaining enough, if not absolutely provocative of laughter. There are about half-a-dozen people in the book who may be considered strugglers for fame; but the character whose struggles are made the most interesting is a certain raw young Irishman,

Bernard Kelly, who comes to London to make a living out of literature. As Kelly has a certain amount of marketable cleverness, a cool head and cooler heart, with a happy knack of making useful friends and of dropping them when they have ceased to be useful, it is needless to say that his struggles are not wholly in vain; and the record of them not only "adorns a tale" very agreeably, but "points a moral" of the kind to be found in Rochefoucauld's maxims. A still more amusing Irishman is a certain Mat Donagh, who also has had literary aspirations, but who, owing to the non-appreciation of publishers, is "connected with the press" not as a purveyor of lofty verse or sparkling prose, but in the humbler capacity of a canvasser for advertisements. This degradation is the secret of Mat's life, and the picture of his despair when the dreadful truth becomes known is delightfully ludicrous, though perhaps the language of his lamentations is rather too closely modelled on that of Mr. Micawber. The Bohemian Dawtons are a capitally sketched group, and the story of the firm of Felton and Lapdash is an amusing episode; but even Mrs. Riddell's most simple-minded readers will find it difficult to believe that a publishing house without credit should leap into prosperity and fame on a capital of eight pounds and ten shillings. One slip, however, does not spoil a good story; and *A Struggle for Fame*, in spite of a weak and unsatisfactory conclusion, may fairly be so described.

The first few chapters of *Red Riding-Hood* introduce us to a girl of sixteen who has fled from an unkind grandmother. She is beginning a walk to London of 283 miles, from which one imagines that her deserted home is somewhere in the South of Scotland, though the dialect spoken in the district is anything but Scotch. Her only earthly possessions are a marvellous voice and a Cremona violin which has been left with her by her father, an Italian conspirator, of whom for years she has heard nothing. At the beginning of her journey she encounters a mysterious stranger, who sentimentalises in symbolical and enigmatical language, and who takes her to the equally mysterious home where he lives with his little boy and a prosaic, middle-aged woman who acts as housekeeper. The persons, the situations, the literary style, are all suggestive of "Ouida," and the reader begins to think that he is in the company of one of the numerous imitators of that eloquent and voluminous romancer; but, all at once, the "Ouida" disguise drops off, vaporous sentiment is exchanged for solid sensationalism, and we recognise the features of our old friend the "penny dreadful." *Red Riding-Hood* is, however, a pretty good specimen of an inferior species of literature; and the reader of simple tastes who does not demand that characters shall be comprehensible or incidents credible may, and doubtless will, derive from it a considerable amount of serene satisfaction. As almost all the personages in the story are present or past members of secret societies, and as everybody is conspiring against everybody else, and is either in the power of somebody or has somebody in his power, it will be seen that there is "ample scope and

verge enough" for an exciting and complicated plot. Miss Notley makes the fullest use of her opportunities in this respect. Indeed, the main objection to the story, as a story, is that the plot becomes occasionally so very complicated that it is not easy to follow without the help of such external appliances as a cup of strong tea and a wet bandage. At last patience is rewarded. Everything, or nearly everything, becomes clear, and all turns out right. Lady Brentwyche very properly poisons herself, Delgado blows himself to pieces with dynamite, and Lord Enderby marries his second love and lives happily ever afterwards.

I suppose Miss Notley would class her story among novels, while Mr. Hamilton gives to his the name of a romance; but *True to the Core* displays a much stronger grip of actual fact than is to be found in *Red Riding-Hood*. *True to the Core* is so good both in conception and execution that one wonders at first why it does not produce a deeper impression upon the mind. It is not a powerful novel, but, one feels that it might have been made so if the characters had been a little more sharply individualised, and made really to live instead of simply to speak and act before us. They are very creditably executed lay figures, but, with one exception, they are little more. We seem to know all about the enthusiastic young barrister with a turn for rebellion, the Castle spy who professes to be an ardent patriot, and the faded beauty whose vanity has outlived her charms; and Mr. Hamilton hardly manages to inspire us with a new interest in such very old acquaintances. On the other hand, Norah Buidhe, the wild Kerry girl, who offers not merely her life, but something she holds dearer, to save the man who has rejected her love, is a strongly conceived figure, who, in the hands of a master like Victor Hugo or Mr. Charles Reade, would have been a most impressive and memorable creation. Even in these pages the lines of this portrait are so sure and masterly as to encourage a feeling that Mr. Hamilton is a writer from whom something is to be expected; and if, in speaking of *True to the Core*, I have seemed to "damn with faint praise," it is only because I think that Mr. Hamilton has it in him to produce something even better, good as this story undoubtedly is.

One Summer is disappointing. It opens with a really brisk, novel, and humorous situation, and the reader is naturally led to expect a good deal; but, unfortunately, the rest of the tale—if tale it can be called which tale hath none—confirms the truth of the modern beatitude, "Blessed is he that expecteth nothing." In a mere literary sense, *One Summer* is a blameless work. Miss Howard's style is pleasant and graceful, and there are occasional felicities of expression which break the monotony of a somewhat somniferous correctness; but there is a terrible lack of story, and in a novel there really should be some story, just as in a comic journal there should be an occasional joke. Mr. Henry James, jun., and Mr. Howells, who seem to think that there is something vulgar in a plot, and that we ought to be ashamed of being interested in a novel which

has a beginning, and a middle, and an end, have many things to answer for, and one of the many is Miss Howard's achievement in fiction. There is some cleverness in *One Summer*, but hardly enough to make us forget its thinness, its expatiation, and—I must add—its tiresomeness, which is all the more exasperating because Miss Howard seems to be tiresome on principle, and not because she cannot help it.

Lady Glastonbury's Boudoir is a readable little novelette which will wile away the hours of a wet afternoon very pleasantly. The anonymous author, unlike Miss Howard, has old-fashioned views upon the subject of fiction, and does not disdain to write a story which, if not remarkable for originality, is, at any rate, well put together and attractively told. Crawley is a somewhat melodramatic scoundrel, and there is a touch of Grandisonian conventionality about Uncle Bevis; but the portrait of Lady Glastonbury indicates some knowledge of human nature and not a little literary skill. There is just the tincture of polemics which one naturally expects in a story which comes from a well-known Catholic publishing house, but there is not a single offence against good feeling or good taste; and the only complaint to be made is that the conversions which follow each other so rapidly at the close of the story are not very artistically managed. The writer might have been content with Uncle Bevis and Maurice, and have left the naughty Lady Glastonbury out in the cold. JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

THREE VOLUMES OF VERSE.

Poems of Many Lands. By Rennell Rodd. (Bogue.)

A Year of Life. By John Cameron Grant. (Longmans.)

An Actor's Reminiscences, and other Poems. By George Barlow. (Remington.)

IN Lord Ronald Gower's recent *Reminiscences* the opinion is advanced that Mr. Rodd is a clever young fellow, whose poetic intelligence must have had enough to do to develop under "the cold shade of Jowett." But Mr. Rodd is not dependent upon his friends for introduction to the public. His dainty little volume, published some time ago (if we remember aright, in almost too gorgeous apparel), sufficiently signalled the advent of a graceful writer. The present volume incorporates the book just referred to with sundry fugitive scraps that have been since contributed to periodical literature. It cannot fail to add to the good opinion formed of its predecessor. It is hardly rash to say that of the younger poets none exhibits a truer love of nature or a more intimate knowledge of her phenomena. Only Mr. William Sharp's "Transcripts," among the recent productions of the younger singers, seem at all on a level with some of the descriptions of inanimate nature contained in this volume. There is the genuine ring of nature-worship here, as distinct as possible from the *aurora borealis* of writers who, in the heart of London, in an atmosphere smelling of the candle, cry, as Carlyle says, "Come, let us make a description." Especially happy is the following realisation of the spirit of that *natura maligna* which pervades nature, according to those writers of verse who are so prodigiously Oriental:—

"And one dwells there in the caves below
That only the seals and the seagulls know,

And the haunting spirit is passing fair
With sea-flowers set in her grey-green hair,
But she looks not off to the daylight skies
For the sunshine dazzles her ocean eyes;
But now and again the sea-winds say,
In the twilight hour of after-day,
They have seen her look through her veil of spray.

"Stilled are the waves when she lies asleep,
And the stars are mirrored along the deep,
The gulls are at rest on the rifted rocks,
And slumbering round are the ocean flocks,
Where the waving oarweeds lull and lull,
And the calm of the water is beautiful.

"But ever and aye in the moonless night,
When the waves are at war and the surf is white,
When the storm-wind howls in the dreary sky,
And the storm-clouds break as it whirls them by;
When it tears the boughs from the churchyard tree

And they think in the world of the folk at sea,
When the great cliffs quake in the thunder's crash

And the gulls are scared at the lightning flash,
You will hear her laugh in the depths below,
Where the moving swell is a sheet of snow,
Mocking the mariner's shriek of woe."

Hardly less beautiful are the descriptive passages entitled "Sea Pictures—France;" but the following sonnet, exhibiting the writer's powers in another direction, is all that we are now able to quote. The tradition that tells how, wretch as Nero was, he had still some few to mourn him and to place, unseen, some flowers on his grave is one of the most beautiful stories that come down to us, coupled, as it is, with the record of so much that is ignoble and loathsome. Obviously, the story of Actea is an excellent one for a poem. Byron, who might have dealt well with so fine a theme, touches upon it for a moment earnestly in "Don Juan," and then, of course, goes off into the flippancy of

"But I'm digressing: what on earth has Nero
To do," &c.

The following is Mr. Rodd's treatment of the subject:—

"ACTEA.

"When the last bitterness was past, she bore
Her singing Caesar to the Garden Hill,
Her fallen, pitiful, dead emperor.
She lifted up the beggar's cloak he wore—
The one thing living that he would not kill—
And on those lips of his that sang no more,
That world-loathed head which she found
lovely still,
Her cold lips closed; in death she had her will.
Oh, wreck of the lost human soul left free
To gorge the beast thy mask of manhood
screened!
Because one living thing, albeit a slave,
Shed those hot tears on thy dishonoured
grave,

Although thy curse be as the shoreless sea,
Because she loved, thou art not wholly fiend."

It ought to be added that Mr. Rodd's book does not make revolt either against canons of morality or canons of religion; and this is the more remarkable at a time when there seems to be a growing appetite for such rebellion and an increasing relish of turbulent emotion. As a minor point, Mr. Rodd may be reminded that the burden of his "In the Woods" bears an unlucky resemblance in the matter of form to the burden of "Cloud Confines."

In the Preface to *A Year of Life* the author tells us that the stanza he has chosen for his poem is the sonnet. He says the sonnet advisedly, "for verses often appear, set forth as sonnets, which are as much so in reality as they are Homeric poems." He admits that "there are sonnets and sonnets," but he thinks "no modern poet ought to write otherwise than by the strictest Miltonic rule." Moreover, the legitimate sonnet is "such a beautiful, flowing, and plastic verse that one should scorn to

require more than four rhymes in the fourteen lines." In a language "so wonderfully flexible and adaptive as English—so splendid in its very wealth and wildness of rhymes wherefrom to choose"—writers should not, in this author's opinion, be allowed to stray into slipshod structure. After much to a similar purpose, and after a curiously unnecessary repudiation of that "Devil's darling sin"—the "pride that apes humility"—the author proceeds to say that "the greatest master of the sonnet was John Milton," and that "nearest in sway" to the blind poet comes, he thinks "indisputably, John Keats." About a third of Keats's sonnets are on the strictest plan, and "if he had lived he would," the author thinks, "have given up the lower and looser method of writing." Finally, Mr. Grant believes his own poem is "the first and only one of any length in the English tongue written throughout in true sonnets." It seems almost sorry sport to disturb the gingerbread palace of so much radiant self-satisfaction; but it is necessary to tell the author that he is wrong in every particular. He speaks of the sonnet as an artificial form of verse. It is not by any means artificial, but is as subservient to a natural law of melody as is the *terza rima* or the Spenserian stanza. The law requiring that there should be four rhymes in the fourteen lines originated in Italy, where the abundance of rhymes in the Italian language required that, for variety's sake, there should be at least so many. Frequently Dante, and sometimes Petrarch, give five rhymes—three being in the sestet. When Wyatt first, and Milton afterwards, began to work in this form, the conditions were reversed, and the poverty of rhymes in the English language made the difficulty of sonnet-writing lie in keeping down to that number of rhymes above which the Italian writers were not expected to go. But Milton never, save once, wrote in the exact form adopted by Petrarch. He never consciously observed that intellectual and metrical pause between octave and sestet which is ever a part of the design in the purest Italian models. Moreover, in his Italian sonnets he usually closed with a couplet. To speak of the "strictest Miltonic rule" as establishing arbitrary laws of sonnet-structure is, therefore, the error of one who knows his subject imperfectly; and to speak of Keats as "nearest in sway" of the sonnet to Milton is, we fear, the blunder of one who hardly knows English sonnet-literature at all. Keats wrote fifty sonnets; about six of these are of the finest quality, about ten are of secondary value, and the rest are (as Rossetti used to say) among the sorriest drafts ever thrown off by a great poet. Moreover, Keats's model was not Milton, but Shakspeare; and so far was he from giving up "the lower and looser methods of writing" that he was perpetually grumbling at the shackles imposed by the Petrarchian form, and constantly resolving to make a structure for himself. His last sonnet is Shaksperian. Now to come to Mr. Grant's own sonnet. We are sorry to say that it is not a sonnet at all. It is merely a stanza having the arrangement of rhymes adopted by Milton. It possesses no such intellectual unity as should always accompany, and correspond with, the metrical unity. It is employed for the purposes of a continuous poem. Neither Milton nor Keats ever used the fourteen-line poem in this way; and, though there is no reason why Mr. Grant should not so employ it, there is every reason why he should not call his work a series of sonnets. Nor has he truth on his side when he arrogates the distinction of being the first to use the sonnet-stanza continuously. A true poet, Mr. J. A. Symonds, has done as much with the sonnet, as a vehicle for interlacing continuous moods of thought, as can be done without violating the sonnet's clear function of presenting, within its

narrow limits, a completely rounded and isolated conception. Coming to the poem itself, we can commend it. Exhibiting a grasp of style, being fluent and forcible, it is more enjoyable than the Preface that precedes it. With the symbolical business of the stream on whose banks the author stands, &c., we can hardly concern ourselves. There is a hint of beauty in the following:—

"My day hath been all sterile, single, sour,
My night hath been all long, and dark, and sad;
But now new crimson morning rises glad,
And now the cloudy wracks, that seemed to lower
Above my mountains, lift, some other Power,
Some Cause compels; whence else were it
they had
Those golden finger touches, tho', grown mad
To yield without a struggle, for an hour
The ragged storm swept back, and here and there
Grey clouds like northern wild-geese overhead
Shot o'er the vast, and almost made the air
Sing to the whistle of their wings that led
And captained in the gusty squalls:—but fair
New morning breaks, the mist will soon be
fled!"

The miscellaneous poems following the "Year of Life" are not very noticeable. One of them, "London—Four Photos," has a certain picturesqueness; but surely the author cannot have reflected how dangerously close to a passage in "Jenny" are the following lines:—

"When round the corners smokes the rain
And ceases for a while again,
And grimy fog and heavy damps
Lie low, and all the red-eyed lamps
Stretch on and on, and twist and meet
Like fiery serpents down the street."

It must be said that the "fiery serpents" have no right to be in Mr. Grant's book.

Mr. Barlow is a literary enigma. He is for ever free from the accusation which Johnson urged against Gray, of being a "barren rascal." He has certainly a trick of reprinting his old work again and again in volumes bearing new names, which accounts for some of his apparent fecundity. But that, without attaining to any adequate measure of desirable recognition, he should go on from year to year publishing volumes of verse almost exactly similar in character is only to be accounted for upon the assumption that in the teeth of neglect he either possesses vital poetic genius or vital poetic conceit. Mr. Barlow is at liberty to make his own inward comment, and he must be content if his readers make theirs also. We suspect the truth to be that Mr. Barlow's facility is one of the principal agents in his non-success. Sheer mass of work must alone interfere with a just estimate of his merits. If he had printed no more than twenty sonnets there might have been a possibility of considering them, but the 2,000, or perhaps 20,000, that he has written and published would in mere quantity turn the stomach of the most voracious of sonnet-readers. This author is a sort of Petrarchian Falstaff, although, in truth, he is neither the embodiment of poetry nor the cause that poetry is in others. The present volume is disfigured by all the faults and distinguished by all the merits of his former books. There is the same lack of invention, the same dearth of thought, the same poverty of general intellectual resource; but, with these deficiencies, there is the old fluency, fervour, and picturesqueness which in their very excess constitute sometimes a negative defect hardly less reprehensible than the author's more positive literary failings. It would be unfair, it would be grossly unjust, to allow it to appear that in natural gifts Mr. Barlow is on a level with the shoals of versifiers who only differ in habits of life from the fish that spawn in the spring in so far that they spawn at every season of the year. No one can open his books and note the essential power of facile expression which co-

exists with so much verbal excess, with so much intemperance of opinion and recklessness of irresponsible tirade, without perceiving that the author demands more and graver consideration than can usually be given to the writers of his class. But then he deliberately puts himself out of court by what we can only suppose to be conscious buffoonery or downright raving. Unbelief is a tenable position, susceptible of defence on grounds of reason, but scepticism like Mr. Barlow's is nothing short of a palpable, wanton, and cruel outrage, such as will always operate to prevent sober-minded persons of all shades of opinion from offering that tribute to his natural powers which, with all the bad use made of them, they seem sometimes to deserve. The present volume contains, in addition to a few sonnets of distinct merit, and a lyrical poem entitled "The Singers of the Nineteenth Century" (which seems to be in great part a tribute to Mr. Philip Bourke Marston), a long monologue entitled "An Actor's Reminiscences." In this poem the author, after glancing from earth to heaven in the discussion of many subjects, urges the poets of the age to become actors on the ground that they possess the imagination supposed to be essential to great acting. We cannot wait to discuss the thesis; but it could hardly be difficult to show, first, that imagination neither is, nor, except in rare cases, can ever be, a primary agent in the actor's art; and, next, that the minor poets of the age, as represented by the bulk of Mr. Barlow's *confrères*, are more deficient in imagination than any class of the community short of the costermongers and the sandwich-men. There is more imagination exhibited in Mr. Bram Stoker's prose stories than in reams of modern verse of certain kinds. If Mr. Barlow is not already so far established in questionable literary habits as to be lost to all efforts after improvement, we would counsel him to eschew poetry for the next five years, and then to publish a small selection from the best he has done, carefully eliminating every trace of the tiresome poetic phraseology of the day with its countless "roses" and measureless "foam."

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that Mr. E. W. Gosse has nearly ready a volume of "Seventeenth-Century Studies," some of which have already appeared in the *Cornhill*. The plan he has adopted is to take one writer to represent each decade of the century. The following are the ten chosen, in chronological order:—Lodge, Webster, Rowlands, Randolph, Herrick, Crashaw, Cowley, Mrs. Philipps (the "incomparable Orinda"), Etheldredge, and Otway.

A NEW edition of Mr. T. H. Ward's *English Poets* is in preparation, revised throughout and augmented with extracts from three poets recently dead. Rossetti will be treated by Mr. Pater, O'Shaughnessy by Mr. Gosse, and James Thompson (author of *The City of Dreadful Night*) by Mr. Philip Bourke Marston.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON, we hear, has undertaken to edit (in addition to *The Vicar of Wakefield* in the "Parchment Library") a selection from Steele for the Clarendon Press, and also a selection from Horace Walpole's letters for the "Golden Treasury" series.

WE understand that Mr. James Sully has finished the text-book in mental science on which he has been engaged for some time. The work aims at giving the main outlines of psychology in a shape that will be useful to students generally, and at the same time at tracing some of the main bearings of the science on education. It will be published early in the autumn.

A LIFE of Marie-Antoinette, by Sarah Tytler, will shortly be published in the "New Plutarch" series.

THE *Library Handbook* is the title of a work upon which Messrs. H. R. Tedder and C. E. Thomas have been for a long time occupied, and which they hope shortly to publish. It will contain an account of all the libraries of Great Britain and Ireland of any importance, as well as the chief of those of other countries, with an Introduction devoted to library-management, including directions for arranging and cataloguing books, library-buildings and appliances, binding, &c. The price will be moderate, as it is intended to make the *Library Handbook* of use to all persons who either own books or frequent libraries.

CANON BARRY, the Primate Designate of Australia, is the contributor of the Commentary on the First Book of Kings in vol. iii. of Bishop Ellicott's *Old Testament Commentary*, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Cassell and Co.

A NEW edition is about to be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low of Mr. Francis George Heath's *Autumnal Leaves*. The author claims that this work is the only one in existence which gives actual facsimile representations in colour of autumn-tinted foliage; and, although he figures some 250 examples of variation in autumn tinting, his list by no means exhausts the autumn colouring of English leaves.

COL. EDWARD MONEY, on his return from the East, has written an addition to his work on *Tea Cultivation*, treating of countries outside China and India that produce tea, and of tea-markets outside Great Britain. It will be issued immediately by Messrs. W. B. Whittingham.

WE hear that the Roxburghe Club means to have the Early-English "Siege of Jerusalem" edited for it. We only hope that it will produce both the long- and short-line versions of the poem in parallel texts or one beneath the other on the same pages, as the Early-English Text Society meant to do; but its editor has been too busy with other work to produce these texts.

MR. W. J. ROLFE, the American editor of Shakspeare, contributes to the New York *Critic* of July 28 an interesting paper upon the text of Scott's "Lady of the Lake," pointing out, by an examination of the *editio princeps* (1810), how many and flagrant are the misprints that have appeared in all subsequent editions. One instance will suffice. In canto i., stanza 12, Scott wrote—

"The primrose pale and violet flower
Found in each *clift* a narrow bower;"

so in the edition of 1810. But every reprint has "cliff" for "clift."

THE three most recent American biographies are those of President Buchanan, by Mr. George Ticknor Curtis; of John Adams Dix, by his son; and of Thurlow Tweed, by himself.

DR. KARL WARNKE AND DR. L. PROESCHOLDT have lately brought out a very careful edition of "The Comedie of Faure Em," which must have been written before 1591, though the first dated edition is 1631. The editors wisely refuse their assent to the theory of two English critics that, in this play, Kemp, Marlowe, Greene, and Shakspeare or Peele are to be identified with the characters of William the Conqueror, Manville, Mountney, and Valingford.

THE *Euskal-erria* of July 30, which is dedicated to the memory of Loyola as a souvenir of the annual *fête* at Azpeita, contains interesting documents, in Basque, with Spanish translations, concerning the founder and the early years of the Order.

SCOTCH JOTTINGS.

THE scheme for establishing a National Scottish Portrait Gallery, which first took shape last February, seems to be now close on realisation. The Government have just issued a supplementary estimate for £10,000, to be added to an equal sum given by an anonymous donor. The whole will be invested and devoted to the purchase of pictures and the maintenance of the gallery. This course is rendered possible by the happy coincidence that the enlargement of the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh allows of the transfer to it of the Antiquarian Museum, which will henceforth be seen to more advantage in two large new rooms, still under the charge of its accomplished Keeper, Mr. Anderson. The building on the "mound" will thus be set free for a portrait gallery.

THE gunboat *Jackal* has been placed at the disposal of a committee of the Fishery Board for Scotland for the prosecution of scientific researches into the life-history of the herring. Prof. Cossar Ewart and Sir James Gibson Maitland, accompanied by a chemist, began in the early part of this week the work of dredging in the Moray Firth, their special object being to enquire what effect the spawning of the herring so much farther from the shore than formerly used to be the case may have on the fishery.

THE tombstone at Kirkoswald, in Ayrshire, to the memory of the grand-parents and great-grand-parents of Burns on the mother's side has been carefully restored by framing the old stone in a new one, so as to expose both sides to view. The names recorded on it are those of John Broun in Littleton, who died March 3, 1724, aged 50; Janet McGrean, his wife, who died March 28, 1738, aged 60; Gilbert Broun, formerly farmer at Craigenton, who died in 1774, aged 79; and his first wife, Agnes, who died in May 1742, aged 34.

MISS DICK has bequeathed £10,000 to the Veterinary College at Edinburgh named after her brother, the late Prof. Dick; and also £10,000 to found a professorship in Edinburgh University, either of comparative anatomy or of comparative surgery, according to the decision of her trustees.

THE house in Cheyne Row (No. 24) where Carlyle lived for nearly fifty years is for sale; and it is suggested it should be bought by his admirers, and converted into a sort of Carlyle museum, with a collection of books, MSS., and portraits.

THE *Detroit Free Press* has interviewed Mrs Janet Hanning, the youngest sister of Carlyle who has lived for about thirty years at Hamilton Ontario. Here are some of the results:—

"Carlyle was excessively fond of riding. It was on horseback that most of his thinking was done. Out of his long rides came much that was best in his books. . . . Although he never had any of his own, he was a great lover of children. Nothing seemed to brighten him so much as the little ones. . . . My brother never opened his inmost heart and gave his unreserved confidence to any man except Ralph Waldo Emerson, unless it was Goethe, to whom he was much attached. . . . When Goethe died, Tom wrote us that he felt as if he had lost another earthly father. Our own father had died in January, and Goethe's death occurred in March of the same year. . . . He and Mrs. Carlyle were very happy in each other, but, in summing up their lives, this ought always to be remembered—Mrs. Carlyle had no children. As the years went on, she tired of reading, and felt more and more the need of her husband's close companionship. He couldn't give it, being wholly devoted to letters, and I suppose she brooded over it a good deal. They were, nevertheless, sincerely attached to each other."

FRENCH JOTTINGS.

THE national subscription for a monument to Gambetta has now reached a total of 250,000 frs. (£10,000). Another subscription, limited to the population of Alsace and Lorraine, amounts to just half that total. For the monument to Gen. Chanzy, to be erected at Mans, 100,000 frs. (£4,000) has been subscribed.

THE following were nominated by the French Government to distribute the prizes at the several Paris *lycées* on Tuesday last, August 7:—Louis-le-Grand, M. Renan; Condorcet, M. Coehery; Henri IV., M. de Lesseps; Charlemagne, M. Edmond About.

THE grand prix de Rome in the section of sculpture has been awarded by the Institut to M. Lombard, with second prizes to MM. Puech and Verlet.

THE Commission of the Senate on the Crown Jewels of France have decided to recommend that they shall be sold, and the proceeds devoted to the creation of schools of industrial art and design.

BENJAMIN RAMPAL, the French translator of most of Schulze-Delitzsch's works, has bequeathed to the municipality of Paris the sum of 1,300,000 frs. (£52,000), to be used in promoting the cause of co-operation in all its forms.

THE Société historique de Gascogne has just published its first part of *Documents inédits sur la Fronde en Gascogne*, by M. J. de Carsalade du Pont. They consist of letters centering round the Marquis de Poyanne, and fully bear out the ignoble character of the war, in which honour, even among gentlemen, was a thing of the past.

BARON CH. DAVILLIER has bequeathed to the Louvre his valuable collection of objects of art (including pictures, goldsmith's work, tapestry, ivory, furniture, &c.), excepting his pottery, which goes to the Musée de Sèvres. His books and MSS. have been given to the Bibliothèque nationale.

THE death is announced of M. Hermile Reynald, Professor of History at Aix, who was a laborious student of English literature and English history. The subject of his thesis for the degree of doctor was "Dr. Johnson;" in 1874 he published a *Histoire contemporaine d'Angleterre*; and only two months ago a work, in two volumes, full of research, upon Louis XIV., William III., and the War of the Spanish Succession.

THE *Revue politique et littéraire* of August 4 has a long article on Mr. Robert Browning, one of a series entitled "Contemporary English Poets," signed Léo Quesnel, which is, we fancy, the pen-name of a lady. It is well worth reading throughout, though it makes the curious blunder of confusing the father with the son—the poet with the painter and sculptor. One clever remark is:—"Or, puisqu'il s'agit de caractériser la nature de son thésisme, nous le ferons d'un mot en appelant Robert Browning le Berkeley de la poésie." We quote also the conclusion:—

"Ce point central, c'est, chez M. Browning, l'âme, consciente d'elle-même et de son immortalité; c'est aussi la sincérité de la parole et de la pensée. Parce qu'il est hautement spiritualiste, Robert Browning est bien de la famille des poètes; et, parce qu'il est plus qu'aucun homme animé de l'amour du vrai, il est de la race de ces écrivains hors ligne qui surgissent de temps à autre pour rafraîchir les sources de la pensée, pour nettoyer le champ de la littérature du bois mort, des fleurs desséchées que le temps y amoncelle, et pour ranimer dans le cœur de l'homme le sentiment de sa force, de son indépendance et de sa dignité."

A TRANSLATION.

M. SULLY PRUDHOMME'S "SOUPH."

NEVER sound nor sight of her face to gain,
Never aloud her name to say,
But, faithful, to love her and wait, though in vain,
Day by day.

To wait, with arms wide-yearning, in vain,
Then to close them on emptiness wearily,
Yet, loving ever, to ope them again
Day by day.

Alas ! and to open them only in vain,
And to wear one's life in longing away,
Yet to love her weeping, weeping again,
Day by day.

Never sound nor sight of her face to gain,
Never aloud her name to say,
But to love her more tenderly e'er, though in vain,
Day by day. I. O. L.

OBITUARY.

JAMES CROSSLEY.

THE death of Mr. James Crossley, F.S.A., of Manchester, which occurred on August 1, removes a link that connected the present with what seems already a remote past. The venerable scholar who on Monday, in the midst of a great concourse of friends and admirers, was put to his last rest in the moorland churchyard of St. Paul's, Kersal Moor, had known Lamb, Godwin, Scott, and Lockhart, as well as the brilliant sets that included Dickens, Disraeli, Talfourd, Forster, Cruikshank, and Ainsworth. There was scarcely a notable literary person of the century with whom he had not been in more or less close contact.

His father was a merchant of Halifax ; but the family were originally Lancashire yeomen, who had left their hillside farm to settle in the ancient Yorkshire town. James Crossley was born at The Mount, Halifax, March 31, 1800, and was educated at Queen Elizabeth's Grammar School, Skircoat. His father allowed him, between school and business, an interval of six months, in which he prosecuted at the Chetham Library, Manchester, a systematic perusal of the Latin poets, from Ennius downwards. At sixteen he entered, as an articled clerk, the office of Mr. Thomas Ainsworth, solicitor, the father of the novelist, with whom he maintained a life-long friendship. Mr. Crossley's legal career was prosperous, and he had much business in connexion with the improvements that have transformed Manchester. He was one of the leaders of the opposition to the incorporation of the town when first advocated by Cobden and the Liberals. Mr. Crossley once sent a challenge to the editor of the newspaper that was the chief organ of the Corporators. In those far-off days he was a Tory of the old true-blue type, and, as such, worked hard to promote the election of young Mr. Gladstone, who was the Conservative candidate at the capital of the Cotton Kingdom in 1837. Mr. Crossley finally retired from business in 1860, and devoted himself entirely thenceforward to the gratification of his passion for literature and book-collecting.

These tastes found expression at an early age. His father had a good library, which was a favourite resort of James Crossley even in his boyish days. It would be impossible to say when he became a book-collector—the passion must have been born with him, and certainly it grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength. In English and classical literature he was an omnivorous reader; and the golden period of great Elizabeth was one in which he had special delight. Defoe was one of his favourite authors, and he had brought together a remarkable collection of his books and MSS. As Mr. Crossley's library was understood to extend to more than 60,000 volumes, and ranged from MSS. of Card. Borromeo and Sir Thomas Browne down to the first edition

of *Tim Bobbin* and other local curiosities, it had been hoped that this great collection would have been left for public uses; but Mr. Crossley's will, we believe, directs it to be sold for the benefit of his relatives. Owing to its chaotic want of arrangement and of catalogue, he was not able to make as much use of it as would have been otherwise possible. When he could find a book, he was not indisposed to allow a fellow-student the benefit of it, but very often he was unable to find what he wanted either for himself or for anyone else. For many years he gave the benefit of his knowledge to the Chetham Library, of which he was a feeoffee, and his services were very valuable at the formation of the Manchester Free Library. He was a member of the Philobiblon Society and of many of the printing clubs, but his name was most closely associated with the Chetham Society, of which he was the founder. For this he edited Potts's *Discovery of Witches* (a book that forms the basis of Ainsworth's *The Lancashire Witches*), the *Autobiographical Tracts of John Dee*, and Heywood's *Observations*. He began a still more important editorial work, *The Diary and Correspondence of Dr. John Worthington*, but, although the first volume appeared as long ago as 1847, the conclusion was never issued. While thus leaving his own work unfinished, he took up and completed the *Collectanea Anglo-Poetica* at the death of his friend the Rev. Thomas Corser. Many of the other Chetham volumes are, however, enriched by annotations in which his knowledge of men and books, his familiarity with local annals, and his genial humour show to great advantage.

This represents the bulk of his literary work; and, good as it is, it can hardly be said to be worthy of his talents or to realise the promise of his youth, for at the age of sixteen he was already a brilliant contributor to *Blackwood*, and he afterwards helped Lockhart in the *Quarterly*. For the *Retrospective Review* he wrote some excellent papers; and he was one of the band associated with Mr. W. J. Thoms, the founder of *Notes and Queries*. But these scattered leaves have never been gathered together; nor did he ever concentrate his powers upon a topic that would have involved their continuous exertion and have resulted in a lasting memorial of its author's name. Why this was not to be it would be difficult to say, for he had adequate leisure, ample means, a keen and trained intellect, and a memory that was "wax to receive and marble to retain."

The qualities we have indicated made him an admirable companion. In the bulkiness of his bodily presence and in the possession of a certain old-world mannerism he was often compared to Dr. Johnson, and there were some striking points of resemblance, although he was physically as keen-eyed as Johnson was purblind. There were few pleasanter things than to listen to the "lengthened sweetness long drawn out" of Mr. Crossley's reminiscences of men and books, in which an anecdote of Lamb was followed perhaps by an apt quotation from Claudian or some other recondite Latin singer, from Spenser or that sesquipedalian genius Sir Thomas Urquhart of Cromarty. These quotations were given with a gustatory relish that showed his appreciation of good things.

These jottings are but feeble indications of the strong personality that has passed away. His defects were as obvious as his virtues, but we will leave to other hands the task of chronicling his failings. His scholarship was sure and accurate within the limits he had prescribed. He collected one of the largest libraries of modern times. In an age and city specially devoted to money-making, he passed his life in literary pursuits not as a professional career, but out of love and affection. Finally, he was a genial companion and a firm friend.

WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

Macmillan's Magazine has an article on "The Pulse of English Art in 1883" which takes a sober survey of the progress of art during the last fifty years. The writer does good service in calling attention to the technical superiority of the French artists, and to the dangers which English art runs by the inrush of untrained amateurs by a too servile observance of what is fashionable and by an absence of technical perfection. Mr. Theodore Bent gives a pleasant description of the islands of Chios and Samos. An article on "Ranche Life in the Far West" deserves reading by those who think of venturing into the backwoods. It enforces the lesson that the settler must be prepared for hard work, and must be content to spend some time in gaining experience before he can hope for profit. Mr. Mowbray Morris, writing "On Some Recent Theatrical Criticisms," warns us of the danger which is done to Shakspeare as a poet by identifying his creations with the personality of an individual actor.

THE *Deutsche Rundschau* for August has a good article by Herr Justi on "Die spanische Brautfahrt des Prinzen von Wales 1623." He treats the subject, not from a political point of view, but as a study of the social and aesthetic life of the times. He has gathered much curious information about the presents made to Prince Charles and the art treasures which he was enabled to collect in Madrid. Prof. Ulrichs, in a paper on "Schiller und Fichte," traces the relations between these two men in connexion with the journal which Schiller strove to edit at Jena between 1792 and 1798. He gives several letters which passed between them.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BENNDORF, O. Griechische u. sicilische Vasenbilder. 4. Lfg. Berlin: Gutentag. 50 M.
CASTELAR, E. Las Guerras de América y Egipto. Madrid: Rivadeneyra. 16 R.
CATHERINE, L. Etude sur le Droit de Propriété des Œuvres dramatiques et musicales. Paris: Rousseau. 4 fr. 50 c.
FRANZ, A. Geschichte d. Kupperstichs. Ein Versuch. Magdeburg: Creutz. 6 M.
GUTH, H. Ausgrabungen bei Jerusalem. Leipzig: Baedeker. 8 M.
RODRIGUEZ MARIN, F. Cantos populares. T. V. Sevilla: Alvarez. 20 R.
ROLLINAT, M. Dans les Brandes. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
THIERS, Discours parlementaires de, publiés par M. Calmon. T. 15 et dernier. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
ZETT, A. v. Schön-Anka. Eine Sage aus Oberkrain. Laibach: v. Kleinmayr. 2 M. 40 Pf.

HISTORY.

- AZCÁRATE, G. Ensayo sobre la historia del derecho de propiedad. T. III. Madrid. 29 R.
CORRESPONDENZ, politische, Friedrich's d. Grossen. 10. Bd. Berlin: A. Duncker. 14 M.
GESCHICHTSCHRIBER, die preussischen, d. 16. u. 17. Jahrh. 5. Lfg. S. Grunau's preussische Chronik. Hrg. v. P. Wagner. 2. Bd. 3. Lfg. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 4 M.
GREGOROWICZ, A. Geschichte Oesterreich-Ungarns. 1. Buch. Wien: Seidel. 2 M. 40 Pf.
JAFFÉ, Ph. Regesta pontificum romanorum. Ed. 2. Fasc. 3. Leipzig: Veit. 6 M.
NOVA Y COLSON, P. Historia de la guerra de España en el Pálico. Madrid: Fontanet. 120 R.
ROUSSET, A. Histoire des Impôts indirects depuis leur Etablissement aux premiers Temps de la Monarchie jusqu'à leur Reconstitution à l'Epoque Impériale. Paris: Rousseau. 9 fr.
SCRIPTORES rerum Silesiacarum. 12. Bd. Geschichtsschreiber Schlesiens d. 15. Jahrh. Hrg. v. F. Wachter. Breslau: Max. 6 M.
STEEN, M. F. Zur Biographie d. Papstes Urban's II. Beiträge aus der Zeit d. Investiturstreites. Berlin: W. Weber. 2 M.
TAGEBUCH, des Kaiser Karl's VII aus der Zeit d. österreichischen Erbfolgekriegs, nach dem Autograt hrg. v. K. Th. Heigel. München: Rieger. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- LE VERRIER, U. Cours de Métallurgie professé à l'Ecole des Mines de Saint-Etienne. Métallurgie des Métaux autres que le Fer. Paris: Baudry. 18 fr.
RITTERFELD, F. Die Cardinalfrage der Kosmologie u. Kant's Entstehung d. Weltalls. Wiesbaden: Moritz. 2 M.
SCHLEGEL, V. Theorie der homogen zusammengesetzten Raumgebilde. Leipzig: Engelmann. 12 M. 50 Pf.

VIRCHOW, H. Beiträge zur Kenntniss der Bewegungen d. Menschen. Würzburg: Stahel, 1 M.
WEYGOLDT, G. P. Die Philosophie der Stoa, nach ihrem Wesen u. ihren Schicksalen f. weitere Kreise dargestellt. Leipzig: Schulze, 4 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BOEHLINGE, O. Sanskrit-Wörterbuch in kürzerer Fassung. 4. Thl. 2. Lfg. St. Petersburg. 3 M. 80 Pf.
HILLMANN, F. De arte critica in Orphei Argonauticis factitanda capita II. Leipzig: Matthes, 1 M.
HOEHN, O. De codice Blandino antiquissimo. Jena: Fohle, 1 M.
KOPP, A. De Ammonii, Eranii, aliorum distinctionibus synonymicis earumque communi fonte. Königsberg: Gräfe & Unzer, 2 M.
LEHM, O. V. Aegyptische Lesestücke zum Gebrauch bei Vorlesungen u. zum Privatstudium. 1. Thl. 1. Hft. Leipzig: Hinrichs, 8 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW REVELATION ON EARLY KUFIC COINS.

London: July 31, 1883.

Some fifteen or sixteen years ago, Soubhi Bey (now Pasha) published a dirham from his collection, precisely similar to those of the Beni Umayya type, purporting to have been struck at al-Basrah in A.H. 40. But, relying on the reiterated statements of Arab historians, that coins of a purely Muhammadan type were not struck till A.H. 76—and, indeed, none having been till then discovered bearing dates earlier than 77 in gold and 79 in silver—Oriental students and numismatists generally discredited the accuracy of Soubhi Bey's reading of his coin.

About eight years ago I went to Constantinople, principally with a view to seeing Soubhi Pasha's collection, and to examine that unique specimen bearing a date thirty-nine years earlier than any then known Kufic dirham.* On my arrival at Soubhi Pasha's house I was sorry to find that his Excellency was suffering from illness; but I was kindly received by his son, to whom I explained the object of my visit. He communicated my message to his father, who replied that, to his regret, it was now out of his power to comply with my request, as he had just sold his whole collection to a Greek banker, Mr. G. Z. I then went to Galata to see this gentleman, and was informed that he had gone to Egypt on business. Much disappointed, I returned to Egypt, and, on enquiry at Alexandria as to the whereabouts of Mr. G. Z., I was still further disappointed by hearing that he had just returned to Constantinople.

At Cairo I soon believed that I was again on the track of the Soubhi collection, as I there heard that Mr. G. Z. had sold a collection of coins to his Highness the Khedive (Ismail), which I naturally supposed to be the same that he had so recently acquired. Nor was I wrong in my surmise, for, on applying to the Khedive's seal-bearer for information, his Excellency confirmed the report, and added that his Highness had paid £16,000 for the collection.

My next object was to gain access to these coins, and I begged his Excellency to obtain the Khedive's permission for me to see them.

But the financial troubles of the Egyptian Government were just then beginning to occupy public attention, and the Khedive had to think of matters connected with modern finance which were far more momentous to him than the question of the dates of early Kufic coins. In the year 1879 the Khedive Ismail abdicated, and took the Soubhi collection with him to Naples without, so far as I know, having ever submitted them to any numismatist.

* I am aware that Prof. Tiesenhansen, in his exhaustive work on the coinage of the Eastern Khalifs, made allusion to one or two dirhams of exceptionally early date; but I am inclined to think that the learned author referred to them under reservation, and without asserting his belief in their authenticity.

A short time after the accession of the present Khedive, Towfik Pasha, his Highness—knowing the interest I take in Arab art, and especially in Muhammadan numismatics—asked me incidentally whether I had ever seen the Soubhi collection. I replied that he was alluding to a matter of the deepest interest to me, and related to him the account of my fruitless journey to Constantinople. His Highness then expressed great surprise that his father had not invited me to see the collection, because, from my long experience as a collector, I could have pointed out any coins of rarity or of special interest it might contain, besides indicating any that I might believe to be spurious; but that it was now too late, as his father had taken the collection with him to Naples.

On my way home from Egypt last month, I remained a day in Paris on purpose to visit the French national collection, and to examine any coins that might have been acquired since I was last there. My friend M. Lavoix, the learned Curator of the Numismatic department, welcomed me even more cordially than usual. He said my visit was most opportune, as he wished to ask my opinion upon certain remarkable coins that he had recently purchased, but which he would not publish until some of his fellow-workers in Oriental numismatics had expressed their views as to their authenticity. M. Lavoix then explained that the Soubhi collection had been recently offered for sale to the French Government, but that the curators of the National Museum could not recommend the purchase of the whole, partly on account of want of funds, and partly because a large proportion of the collection consisted of coins of which duplicates were already in their possession. But M. Lavoix was most anxious to obtain a selection; and he arranged with the well-known firm of coin-dealers, Messrs. Rollin and Feuardent, who purchased the whole collection for the sum of 25,000 frs. (£1,000), and M. Lavoix selected for the National Numismatic cabinet about eight hundred and fifty coins for the sum of 17,500 frs. (£700)—a remarkably good bargain from a commercial point of view, and, scientifically, a most wonderful acquisition! The majority of these selected coins are of great rarity, many are quite unique, some are of hitherto unknown types, and a few bear dates which are subversive of the established theories as to the earliest coins of purely Muhammadan character.

M. Lavoix placed in my hand the dirham alluded to in the first paragraph of this letter, struck at al-Basrah in A.H. 40, and asked for my candid opinion about it. I examined it carefully, and replied that I had not a doubt as to its genuineness. He then showed me dirhams struck in Damascus in the years 63 and 65, and one struck at Marv, of which I did not transcribe the date, all of which I also said I quite believed to be genuine.

The Khalifs 'Umar and 'Uthmān struck dirhams of the Sassanian type, with legends in the Pehlevi character, but none have been discovered bearing the date of the Khalif 'Ally's reign. This gap is now accounted for by this dirham of al-Basrah, A.H. 40, which must have been struck by order of the Khalif 'Ally, who evidently discarded the Sassanian figures and the Pehlevi characters, adopting a purely Muhammadan type, with pious verses from the Kurān, in a style which was perpetuated by succeeding Khalifs till the end of the dynasty of the Beni Umayya.

M. Lavoix informed me that the publication of the catalogue of the Kufic coins in the National Library at Paris had been delayed by his having to intercalate all these recent acquisitions. In the Preface, which will probably appear in January 1884, M. Lavoix reviews all the evidence, both monumental and documentary, bearing on purely Muhammadan coins of

dates earlier than 76, and to that important work I must refer numismatic readers for the full discussion of this question. In the meantime, M. Lavoix has kindly allowed me somewhat to forestall him by giving publicity to the information I gathered from his recent acquisitions as a foretaste of what will appear in his great work. E. T. ROGERS.

THE WORD "COMMODORE."

Admiralty: Aug. 7, 1883.

Can any history of the word "commodore" be given? The dictionaries and cyclopaedias give the Spanish derivation from *comendador*, with but few exceptions, where the Italian *comandatore* is suggested. Jal and the other naval authorities either copy the above or ignore the question.

Any references to the first known use of the word and how it came to England would be acceptable. GEORGE F. HOOPER.

[Marsh, as quoted in the new edition of Ogilvie's *Imperial Dictionary*, gives Portuguese *capitão mor*, "superior captain."—ED. ACADEMY.]

"AUT CAESAR AUT NIHIL."

London: Aug. 4, 1883.

In a paragraph in the last issue of the ACADEMY, alluding to the republication in America by Messrs. Harper and Brothers of the Countess von Bothmer's *Aut Caesar aut Nihil*, you say that "it need hardly be added that no pecuniary advantage comes to the author" therefrom. The statement is probably incorrect, for the reason that the Countess von Bothmer's English publishers are the well-known firm of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Longmans, from whom I purchased, on behalf of Messrs. Harper and Brothers, of New York, the early sheets of the work in question. W. M. LAFFAN.

[This explanation is not necessarily inconsistent with the statement in the ACADEMY, which referred only to the author.—ED. ACADEMY.]

SWIFT'S GIDDY FITS.

London: Aug. 6, 1883.

In reply to the letter of Dr. Wickham Legg on this subject in the ACADEMY of July 28, I regret that I have no "public sign" to give him in addition to the letter which he acknowledges to have received from me, and which I venture to think is sufficient. In that letter I assured Dr. Legg that I had written my article in complete ignorance of his communication to your columns, which I am sorry to say I have not yet seen.

As to "the force which set this ball rolling," it was, so far as I am concerned, a letter received by me from the author of the recent articles on Dean Swift in the *Quarterly Review*, asking my opinion on the subject of Swift's health, mental and physical; and I fancy you will not think it inexcusable that the reading I undertook, in order to give a reply to this enquiry, was not sufficiently minute to enable me to discover a few lines in a six-months-old number of the ACADEMY.

On turning to my article, I find that I did quote fully whatever medical opinions I could meet with either as to Swift's giddy fits or as to his supposed insanity. With regard to the former, I do not think that any well-educated physician could, at the present day, study Swift's autobiography, as expressed in his diary and correspondence, without recognising his "mysterious disease" as labyrinthine vertigo; so that perhaps all the merit of originality may fairly be left to the French physician who discovered it. JOHN CHARLES BUCKNILL.

THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" AND "GULLIVER."

London: Aug. 6, 1883.

It is very strange that the writer of the article "Dean Swift in Ireland" in the *Quarterly* should assume that this plagiarism was unknown, seeing that Canon Knowles published a notice of his discovery, March 7, 1868, in *Notes and Queries*, and again allusion was made to it by Mr. J. Dixon (iv. 404). The latter pointed out Scott's contradictory note, in which he says that the passage

"is merely an assemblage of sea-terms, put together at random, but in such accurate imitation of the technicalities of the art that seamen have been known to work hard to attain the proper meaning of it."

Swift, however, had to convert it into the past tense, and has made some mistakes in consequence—as, for instance, "We hawled off upon the lannard of the whipstaff;" the original runs "Stand by to hawl off above the lannard of the whip-staff." The whip-staff, or whip, is fastened to the helm for the steersman to move the rudder which the lannard had fixed; in other words, "unlash the helm above—not upon—and help the man steer." C. A. WARD.

CAT FOLK-LORE.

Aug. 6, 1883.

One version of the story referred to by Einna Halfdan in the last number of the *ACADEMY* is among the "Troll stories." A peasant returning home from his work one evening met a Troll, who said to him,

"Hör, Du Platt,
Sag til din Katt
Das Knurre-Murre Er död."

On reaching home he repeated this to his wife, whereupon the cat sitting by the fire-side stood upright on his hind legs, and saying, "What! is Knurre-Murre dead? then I may go home again," he disappeared.

KATE BIRCHALL.

SCIENCE.

Bentley's Plautine Emendations. By E. A. Sonnenschein. "Anecdota Oxoniensia," Classical Series. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

MR. SONNENSCHN has done well to complete the task, to which he first addressed himself in the Appendix to his larger edition of the *Captivi*, of publishing all the extant Plautine emendations of Bentley. Though the study of Plautus is not in England what it is in Germany, spite of the efforts of Dr. W. Wagner, Prof. Key, and others, the constancy with which Ritschl's principles are followed up, developed, and enforced by his disciples still keeps the eyes of philologists steadily turned in this direction. Witness not only the admirable editions of the *Amphitruo*, *Curculio*, *Asinaria*, *Truculentus*, *Epidicus*, recently published by Götz, Schöll, and Löwe, but the numerous articles on Plautine criticism which are continually appearing in every philological journal. It is a remarkable fact that the greatest of English scholars is nowhere thought so great as in Germany; and it is no insignificant fact that Mr. Sonnenschein, himself in part a German, has come forward as the vindicator of Bentley's claims as a restorer of Plautus at times even to the disadvantage of his own countrymen. This will be clear to anyone who takes the trouble to examine only one page of the present volume. Many conjectures hitherto

supposed to be the *peculium* of Ritschl, Bothe, Lachmann, Brix, or others will be found to have been anticipated by Bentley.

Bentley wrote his emendations in no less than three editions of Plautus—the edition of Pareus, of Gronovius, and of Camerarius. The last, however, contains comparatively few, and is of little or no moment; but the relation in which the conjectures contained in the Pareus stand to those in the Gronovius is one of some perplexity. Mr. Sonnenschein estimates the number of conjectures in each of the two editions as nearly the same—about eleven hundred in all; of these a large number are common to both editions, but each "has many valuable readings of its own which are not found in the other." He concludes that Bentley used both copies during the period of his Plautus studies, entering his conjectures sometimes in one, sometimes in the other, occasionally transferring what his mature judgment approved from one to the other.

In none of the plays can the one recension be entirely accounted for from the other. In the *Bacchides*, for instance, the emendations in the Gronovius are decidedly superior to those in the Pareus; yet the Pareus contains one, *Inimiciorem* for *Inimitiorem* (iii. 4, 1), in which Bentley anticipates the reading of the Ambrosian palimpsest. On the other hand, in the *Captivi* the Pareus is far more complete than the Gronovius. In the *Mostellaria* the Pareana cease after act iii., while the Gronovius has several emendations in acts iv., v.

If we consider that, besides this large body of conjectures, Bentley actually published about 360 in his editions of Terence and Horace, it will be manifest that we have before us an ample fund for estimating how far Ritschelian criticism was anticipated by our own great philologist. Such an investigation is of the highest interest—pre-eminently to Cambridge scholars, who certainly cannot be accused of exaggerating the greatness of their greatest, as anyone may see who reads the temperate and cautious remarks on Bentley as an emender in Prof. Jebb's recently published monograph. Prof. Jebb's language must, I think, be felt, in the light of Mr. Sonnenschein's new "Anecdota," to be considerably short of the praise which Bentley may fairly claim. It is a fact which says more for Bentley's power of divination than the strongest assertions of the most mature philologists that he has in a considerable number of cases guessed what is now found to be the reading of the only very ancient MS. of Plautus, the Ambrosian. I will mention the instances of this in the *Miles* and *Epidicus*. *Mil.*—170, *foret* for *fuert*; 174, *uostum* for *uostorum*; 176, *conseruos* for *conservos est*; 251, *abit* for *abiit*; 262, *familiarium* for *familiarem*; 270, *meae* for *me*; 274, *malam rem* for *alium*; 405, *prius* del.; 492, *malo magno* for *magno malo*; act iii. 5, bracketed by Bentley, is omitted from the Ambrosian; 710, *habebo* for *habeo*; 714, *ego met* for *ego haec*; 727, *sicut* for *sicuti*; 1151, *periculum* for *periculum*. *Epid.*—5, *recte* for *certe*; 151, *de* del.; 162, *dormitandi* for *dormitandum*; 225, *fuert* for *eat*; 234, *adeptust* for *ademptumst*; 238, *me* del.; 247, *actumst* for *actum*. It is true that many of

these are changes of a most minute kind, involving little beyond the omission of one or two letters—changes which in the present state of advanced criticism seem almost matters of course. But an interval of 150 years at least separates us from Bentley; and at the time when these emendations were made neither were the MSS. of Plautus accurately classified nor the laws of Plautine metre and spelling (which have only been made out by laboriously examining them) educated. If with the comparatively scanty materials before him Bentley's divination was able to achieve so much, we may feel sure that with the full light which Ritschl and his disciples have poured upon the tradition of the MSS. he would have settled for ever much that less gifted men have been obliged to leave uncertain.

It has already been stated that Bentley anticipates not only the reading of the Ambrosian palimpsest, but of many correctors since his time. Mr. Sonnenschein has recorded these in his "Anecdota"; and it will remain a problem for future editors of Plautus whether the rightful claim to these rests with Bentley or his successors in the present century. Among these, Bothe shows the most remarkable coincidences, especially in the *Menaechni*, with Bentley; but Ritschl, Fleckeisen, Spengel, Hermann, Lachmann, and many others are recorded by Mr. Sonnenschein as occasionally agreeing with him. One of the most curious instances of this agreement is in *Most.* 238, *nam neque edes quicquam neque bibes apud me hisce diebus*. Bentley conjectures *his decem diebus*, and so after him Bothe. The reading of B., *me isdec*, makes it for us nearly certain that this is right; but as a conjecture of the early eighteenth century it seems a marvel of happy divination.

It is disappointing to find that some of the most interesting plays—e.g., the *Truculentus*—find little or no light from these *marginalia*. The reason probably is that the text of these was more obviously corrupt, and offered a less secure basis for conjecture. I think Mr. Sonnenschein deserves the gratitude, not only of the Delegates of the Press, but of all to whom Bentley's memory is precious, for the care with which he has executed his somewhat distasteful and not very remunerative task. R. ELLIS.

MR. SHAPIRA'S MS. OF DEUTERONOMY.

Up to the present we have refrained from any mention of the marvellous "find" Mr. Shapira asserts that he has made. This consists of a number of pieces of parchment—or, rather, leather—which purport to be a MS. of Deuteronomy written in a character almost identical with that on the famous Moabite stone (eighth century B.C.). We now content ourselves with quoting from the *Times* Mr. Shapira's own account of his discovery:—

"I first heard of the fragment in the middle of July 1878. A Sheikh, with several Arabs of different tribes, came to me at my place of business in Jerusalem on other matters. The Sheikh had nothing to do with antiquities. They spoke of some little black fragments of writing in the possession of an Arab. They had been found in the neighbourhood of the Arnon. One of the Arabs spoke of them as talismans, smelling of asphalt. The day following I was invited to dinner by the Sheikh, and heard more about the fragments. About the year 1865,

at a time of persecution, certain Arabs had hid themselves among rocks. There on the side of a rocky cavern they found several bundles wrapped in linen. Peeling off the covering, they found only black fragments, which they threw away. They were picked up by one of the Arabs believing them to be talismans. He kept them as such, and became rich, as he thought, in consequence. This was probably ten years or more before I heard of them. Capt. Conder knows the exact time. I promised the Sheikh a reward if he would bring to me an Arab he spoke of who would be able to get hold of the fragments. This happened on the day of the dinner. The Sheikh fell ill, and afterwards died. About ten or twelve days after the dinner a man of the Ajayah tribe brought to me a small piece, containing four columns. A few words only were legible. A week after, on Sunday, he brought fourteen or fifteen columns, containing the clearer writing. The next Sunday he brought fourteen or fifteen more columns, in another character of writing, but not all of one form. Ten days after, on Wednesday, he brought three or four columns, very black. I saw nothing more of him. After an interval of four or five weeks I wrote to Prof. Schlottmann, on September 24; soon after, also, to Dr. Rieu. The writings were (some of them) in better condition than at present. Schlottmann wrote that they were fabrications, and blamed me for calling them a sacred text. He never saw the writings themselves, only my copy. Schlottmann wrote in similar terms to the consul at Jerusalem, Baron von Münchhausen, and desired him to prevent me from making the find public. Then I wrote or telegraphed to Dr. Rieu that the writings were forgeries, and that he was to take no steps in respect to them. This I did in consequence of Schlottmann's judgment of them, and the reasons on which it was founded. I placed them in a bank in Jerusalem. Subsequently, I began to reconsider Schlottmann's objections, and I found that they were partly grounded on mistakes I had made in deciphering the writing. I felt better able to judge of them myself, because I had had more experience in MSS. It was before Easter of the present year that I re-examined them, and I deciphered them a second time. Prof. Schroeder, consul in Beyrout, saw them in the middle of May 1883, and pronounced them genuine. He wanted to purchase them. I took the writings to Leipzig at the end of July to have them photographed. Professors there saw them. Dr. Hermann believed in them, as did Prof. Guthe, who intends to write about them. They had been smeared with asphalt originally as a kind of embalmment. They became subsequently further darkened by the use of oil and spirit. The oil was used by the Arabs to counteract the brittleness, and to prevent their suffering from wet."

The following is a literal translation of the beginning of the MS. :—

"These be the words which Moses spake according to the mouth of Jehovah unto all the children of Israel in the wilderness beyond the Jordan in the plain. God our God spake unto us in Horeb, saying, Ye have dwelt long enough in this mount. Turn you and take your journey and go to the mount of the Amorites, and unto all the places nigh therunto, in the plain, in the hills, and in the vale and by the seaside. And when we departed from Horeb we went through all that great and terrible wilderness, which ye saw; and we came to Kadesh-Barnea. And I said unto you, Ye are come this day unto the mountain of the Amorites. Go ye up and possess ye the land, as said [unto thee the God of thy fathers]. [Notwithstanding] ye would [not] go up. And ye murmured and said, Because [God] hated us . . . to cause us to perish. And God was angry [and sware] saying, As I live, surely all the people that saw my wonders and my signs which I have done these ten times . . . not . . . they have not hearkened unto my voice, they shall not see that good land which I sware to give unto their fathers, save your children and Caleb the son of Jephunneh and Joshua the son of Nun which standeth before thee, they shall go in thither, and unto them will I give it. But as for you, turn you and take your journey into the wilderness by the way of the Red Sea, until all the generation of the men of rebellion shall be wasted out from among the host. [And they abode] in Kadesh-Barnea

until the men of rebellion were wasted out by death from among the host. . . . Ye are to pass over this day the coast of the children of Esau, which dwell in Seir. Thou shalt not distress them, nor meddle with them in war, for I will not give you of their land any possession, because I have given it unto the children of Esau for a possession. The Horim from of old dwelt therein, and the children of Esau succeeded them, and dwelt in their stead. And we turned and passed the wilderness of Moab. And God said unto me, Ye shall pass over this day the coast of Moab, ye shall not distress them, nor meddle with them in war, for I will not give you of their land any possession, because I have given unto the children of Lot the city for a possession. The giants dwelt therein from of old and the Moabites called them Amim, but God destroyed them, and they dwelt in their stead. And we turned and passed the brook Zered. And God said unto me [saying], Rise ye up and pass over the river Arnon. This day will I begin to deliver to thy face Sihon the Amorite, King of Heshbon, and his land. And we went forth against Sihon to Jahaz, and we smote him till we left him none to remain. And we took all his cities from Arzer, which is by the brink of the river Arnon, unto Gilead and unto the brook Jabbok. God our God delivered all unto us. Then we turned and went up the way of the brook Jabbok. And God said unto me, saying, Ye are to pass this day the coast of the land of the children of Ammon. Ye shall not distress them nor meddle with them in war, because I have given unto the children of Lot the land of the children of Ammon for a possession. The giants dwelt therein from of old, and the Ammonites called them Azamzumim, but God destroyed them before them, and they dwelt in their stead."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GREEK NAMES OF THE SIBILANTS.

98 Roebuck Road, Sheffield: July 31, 1883.

It is now definitely known that the primitive Greek alphabet was completely identical, in the forms and order of the letters, with the Phœnician alphabet from which it was borrowed, the one exception formerly supposed to exist having been removed by the discovery, made only last year, that the Dorian *san* answered in form and alphabetical position to *cade*. The names of the Greek letters are, in general, obviously derived from those of their Phœnician prototypes. In the case of the four sibilants, however, this correspondence is entirely absent, *zayin* being represented by *zeta*, *samek* by *xi*, *cade* by *san*, and *shin* by *sigma*. Many attempts have been made to account for the anomalous nomenclature of these four letters. It is, however, only necessary to consider the two alternative hypotheses proposed in Mr. Isaac Taylor's admirable work on *The Alphabet*, all previous theories on the question having been based on imperfect knowledge of the facts.

The supposition which Mr. Taylor seems to regard with most favour is that in the adoption of the Phœnician alphabet by the Greeks an exchange of names took place between *zayin* and *cade*, and also between *samek* and *shin*. Mr. Taylor has endeavoured, with some success, to indicate the nature of the process by which these hypothetical changes may conceivably have been produced. The theory, however, appears to involve too much of unsupported assumption to be entirely satisfactory; and the derivations proposed for *zeta* and *san* are attended with considerable phonological difficulties. Mr. Taylor's other hypothesis is that *cade* borrowed its Greek name *san* from *shin*, while *shin* took the name of *sigma* from *samek*; and that *zeta* and *xi* are words of Greek coinage, formed by assonance with the names of neighbouring letters in the alphabet. This view is not open to serious objection on phonetic grounds, but the suggested displacement of names seems even less easy to account for than that which is assumed in the alternative theory. Considering, therefore, that the problem has not

yet been conclusively solved, I venture to offer an original conjecture, which, if it be philologically admissible, appears to me to be superior in simplicity to any which has hitherto been proposed.

It is to be noted that the words *zayin* and *cade* do not admit of any very obvious etymology in any Semitic language now known. On the assumption that these names of letters became obscure at an early period, it would not be surprising if in some part of the Semitic world they were replaced by other words (denoting visible objects) which began with the same letter. A suggestive analogy occurs in the Ethiopic alphabet. The word *nun* (fish) having become obsolete in the Ethiopic language, its place as an alphabetic name was supplied by the word *nahas* (snake). It is important to remark that a substitution of this kind might very easily be confined to a single city, the ancient name of the letter continuing to be employed everywhere else.

The name of *zeta* is shown by its final *a* to have been derived by the Greeks from an Aramaic, not from a Phœnician, source. Now, supposing that in some Aramaic-speaking city the attempt was made to supply the place of *zayin* with some more intelligible word beginning with *z*, there would be absolutely no objection available except זית (olive-tree). It is needless to say that this very word is the only Semitic original which could regularly become *zeta* in Greek.

The name of *san*, on the other hand, is, as Mr. Taylor has pointed out, of Phœnician and not Aramaic derivation. A Phœnician who wished to find some more familiar word to substitute in the place of *cade* could hardly fail to select the word זש (sheep). There is reason for believing (see Ewald, *Lehrbuch*, 7th ed., p. 459) that the primitive vocalisation of זש was *qan* or *qa'n*, which would naturally be transliterated into Greek as σάν. It may perhaps be objected that the word זש is only used as a collective noun, whereas the alphabetic names generally represent individual objects. This does not seem to be a very formidable difficulty, as זש was certainly by far the commonest substantive beginning with *z*, and the number of names of objects having this initial was very small. Another objection which may be made is that the *z* in this word is shown by its Semitic equivalents to have had originally a sonant pronunciation, instead of the surd sound which must be deemed to have been the normal or alphabetic value of the letter. It seems probable, however, that the primitive Semitic distinction between the two values of *z* had become obsolete in Phœnician even before the invention of the alphabet, since otherwise the inventors would scarcely have failed to find expression for it in their system.

If the hypothesis here proposed be admitted, the names *zeta* and *san* cease to be exceptions to the general rule, according to which the Greek letters agree in name with the Phœnician letters of similar form and position.

The names of the remaining sibilants, *xi* and *sigma*, cannot be explained without admitting the existence of some degree of anomaly. The most probable hypothesis seems to be that of an exchange of names. It is noteworthy that an Arabic *sh* usually corresponds etymologically to a Hebrew *s*, and an Arabic *s* to a Hebrew *sh*. There seems reason for believing that Semitic dialects much more closely allied than Hebrew and Arabic may have differed in the same way by reversing the phonetic values of these two letters. It is well known that the Greeks derived their knowledge of the alphabet from more than one Semitic source. If we assume that they had borrowed the forms and powers of the letters from a people who said *samek* and *sin*, and afterwards came to learn their names from another people who said *samek* and *shin*, the

transposition of these two names would almost inevitably follow. At the same time, it seems just possible that both *xi* and *sigma* may be words of purely Greek origin, *xi* having been formed on the same analogy, and perhaps at the same period, as *psi*, and *sigma* being, as the ancients believed it to be, a regular verbal form assumed by the word must have been determined by its supposed Greek etymology.

HENRY BRADLEY.

CHINESE AND SIAMESE.

London: Aug. 8, 1883.

Dr. Frankfurter has not been fortunate in travelling outside of his ordinary field. His letter published in the last number of the ACADEMY shows that he is not acquainted with the question at issue; and I am compelled to meet his protest, altogether ill-grounded, by a flat contradiction.

The deep connexion of the Taic languages and Chinese dialects is admitted not only by Dr. Edkins and myself, but also by Prof. E. K. Douglas, Prof. Conon de La Gabelentz, and, I venture to add, by all who have studied these tongues with the view of comparison. I have no time to expound here this connexion, the study of which is a part of the researches embodied in my work on *The Evolution of Speech and Script in China*; but my views on the subject have already been made public (see the *Times*, April 20, 1880, Trübner's *Literary Record*, N.S., vol. i., pp. 125-27, my *Early History*, p. 19, and *The Oldest Book of the Chinese*, § 25, n. 4). The connexion indicated by me is, not a relationship by common descent, but, on the contrary, an affinity which has resulted from a protracted intermingling and reciprocal influence producing remarkable results on the evolution of the two groups.

TERRIEN DE LA COUPERIE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE International Medical Congress will meet this year at Amsterdam in September. Papers are promised by (among others) Sir Joseph Fayrer, Dr. F. de Chaumont, Dr. J. Ewart, Dr. E. Waring, and Dr. Norman Chevers.

THE first part of *The Elements of Plane Geometry*, prepared by a committee appointed by the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching, will shortly be published by Messrs. W. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. This instalment of the work contains the portions of geometry corresponding to Euclid books i. and ii., with the addition of a section on "Locii" and of a few useful propositions omitted by Euclid. The general method of treatment will be familiar to those who are acquainted with the *Syllabus of Plane Geometry* issued under the auspices of the association. Theorems and problems are separated; a classification more thorough than Euclid's has been attempted; definitions, axioms, and postulates are introduced in their logical connexion with the propositions; the demonstrations are full and vigorous; and simple exercises are introduced among the propositions. The extensive use already made of the *Syllabus* has induced the association to put before the public this further development of their work.

A NEAT little volume, illustrated with a coloured geological map, and with some good plates of fossils, has lately been published under the title of a *Geognostischer Wegweiser durch Württemberg*. The subject has already been ably treated by such men as the venerable Quenstedt, of Tübingen, Prof. Oscar Fraas, and Dr. Gutekunst; but there is probably still room for Dr. Theodor Engel's new volume. Württemberg has been called a paradise for geologists

on account of the number and variety of its formations, the regularity of their sequence, and their richness in fossils. Probably in no district of similar size are there so many geological collections as in Swabia.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Oleographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

EASTLAKE'S GUIDES TO THE LOUVRE AND BRERA GALLERIES.

Notes on the Principal Pictures in the Louvre Gallery at Paris.

Notes on the Principal Pictures in the Brera Gallery at Milan. By Charles L. Eastlake. With Illustrations. (Longmans.)

THESE two popular handbooks will be welcome to the general lover of pictorial art. Casual visitors to large picture collections, such as the National Gallery in London, the Louvre, and many others on the Continent, must have often experienced great inconvenience in the use of official Catalogues, which on the whole are little more than inventories, so technical and dry in their statements about the works of art that scarcely anyone cares to look at them, except when standing before the pictures. Mr. Eastlake's notes in the two little volumes before us are framed on a different and, perhaps, a unique plan, which has the advantage of being, above all, a practical one. We have no doubt that the travelling Englishman, when paying a visit to Continental art collections, will prefer to be guided by a writer who holds so authoritative a position at his own splendid national collection, rather than trust to Catalogues and Guide-books written in foreign languages, containing a great deal of information which he cannot be expected seriously to care for. The author states in his Preface that his main object has been to point out those pictures which he considers to be important. The letterpress is accompanied by a large number of illustrations, in order to assist the memory of the reader in recalling the subjects of the pictures. However, in the case of the Louvre Handbook, the wood-cuts are far from satisfactory in their execution. In some cases they may even impress one rather as unintentional caricatures than as faithful reproductions of the artists' conceptions. There is less roughness in the sketches of the Brera pictures, and it is to be hoped that the forthcoming volume on the Munich Pinacothek will be still more successful.

Mr. Eastlake wisely abstains from troubling the reader with remarks on technical details or abstruse theories. He apparently confines his task to reviewing the pictures in a sort of summary of their aesthetic merits or deficiencies, as they present themselves to the modern mind. "Vexed questions relating to the authenticity of certain pictures are also generally avoided." However, in some instances it would, in my opinion, be advisable not to accept the official ascriptions without due caution. We find, for instance, in the present Italian Catalogue of the Brera Gallery, no less than seven fine pictures ascribed to Zenale, an artist by whom not a single authenticated work has come down to us.

Six out of these have been proved to be from the hand of the great Foppa, and the seventh is by Bernardino de' Conti, one of Leonardo da Vinci's best pupils. The preparatory sketch for the last-named work is in the British Museum, where it is officially attributed to neither Zenale nor Bernardino de' Conti, but to a far greater artist—to Leonardo da Vinci himself—although it differs widely from the style of that master. I readily admit that one cannot expect the ordinary visitor to enter into polemical statements about the authenticity of old pictures. Moreover, the "abstruse theories" of specialists whose researches lead to conclusions contradictory of official attributions will hardly be received in a friendly spirit by the custodians of public treasures, who generally are bound to abide by tradition. Everyone acquainted with the present state of the Brera Gallery, who has become aware of the extraordinary results of the scientific investigations made by independent Milanese scholars in connexion with works of art in that gallery, will hope that the official Catalogue will shortly be revised on the principle of embodying these results, not only with reference to historical facts, but also with due regard to art studies as a science. The vexed question of authenticity is, I believe, of vital importance for every collection of standard works. Next to it comes the discussion as to what extent and in what parts of every picture is the original colouring still to be seen undefaced or unaltered by the restorer's work. Unless an amateur has been taught to face such fundamental questions as these, he will never become aware of the real merits and the distinctive characteristics which have established the fame of the Old Masters.

J. PAUL RICHTER.

THE ST-MAURICE COLLECTION OF ARAB ART.

THIS very fine collection of objects of Arab art from Cairo has been offered for sale to the South Kensington Museum, and is now being exhibited there on loan by its owner, M. de St-Maurice. It comprises many branches of Oriental art, and a number of specimens of the greatest beauty, both in material and workmanship, belonging to a class which is of rapidly increasing rarity. The most remarkable are, perhaps, a large collection of magnificently panelled and inlaid doors, entirely covered with star and other geometrical interlacing patterns, formed by delicately moulded bands of wood inlaid with ebony, box, and cedar; the spaces formed by these intersecting bands are, in some cases, filled up with bits of ivory most minutely carved with arabesque designs in slight relief—the whole being a masterpiece, both in the richness of the pattern and the varied colours of the ivory and inlaid woods. There are also two fine examples of the most gorgeous kind of wall mosaic, probably torn from the wall of some Cairene mosque. This mosaic is a perfect marvel of rich material skilfully used. A panel of red porphyry is surrounded by a border of delicate patterns in jasper and other coloured stones, with the main lines wrought in mother-of-pearl inlay; a band of white marble between the porphyry and the mosaic gives double richness to the varied colours. The spandrel of an arch is particularly gorgeous from the beauty of the precious stones which form the mosaic and contrast with the brilliance of the prismatic pearl: not even the mosaics of Palermo or

Cordoba quite equal this, either in richness of material or delicacy of pattern.

In addition to a quantity of fine wall-paneling in wood, there are magnificently decorated ceiling beams and cornices of wood, covered with a thin skin of *gesso*, on which are painted graceful designs in brilliant, yet harmonious, colours—bright, without any harshness of effect. The large *mushrabeeyeh* is perhaps the finest and most perfect specimen of this beautiful open lattice-work that has yet been brought from Cairo. It is quite complete, with its graceful, curved, corbel support, its two little projections of delicate, open lattice-work to hold the water-jars, and, at the top, its row of stained-glass windows, with bits of brilliant, gem-like coloured glass set in stucco tracery, worked in flowing lines with a wonderful freedom of hand. A number of so-called Rhodian and Damascus wall-tiles are of great beauty; and also some very fine *argulejos*, or enamelled tiles, with patterns in very slight relief, which seem to imitate mosaics. These appear to be Hispano-Moresque, and might have come from the walls of the Alhambra.

Among the metal-work, there are three sets, unluckily not complete, of the beautiful pierced *plaques* and borders in bronze, cast, chased, and *repoussé*, which once ornamented the doors of most of the mosques of Cairo. These richly worked pieces of bronze were often used, like the bits of ivory, to fill up the spaces of the panel-patterns. The border was made up of long strips of bronze pierced with delicate patterns and Arabic inscriptions. Very few now remain in their places at Cairo.

Some of the smaller pieces of metal-work are very beautiful—candlesticks, dishes, caskets, bowls, and other objects in brass, enriched with damascening, embossing, silver inlay, and chased inscriptions or patterns. There is also some fine silver jewellery, especially belts and buckles of massive metal, richly worked in a somewhat barbaric style, and set with enamels, turquoises, and bits of coral.

The whole collection is a fine one, and contains little that is not of value. The true lover of Oriental art will view it not without regret when he thinks how it has been formed, and of the sad destruction and dismantling of mosques and houses that it bears witness to. It is to be hoped that the new Egyptian Commission for the Preservation of the Treasures of Arab Art will prevent for the future the formation of any such collection as that of M. de St-Maurice.

J. HENRY MIDDLETON.

SOME RECENT RESEARCHES IN ASIA MINOR.

Smyrna: July 26, 1883.

THE French School of Athens has achieved many successes and has advanced archaeological science in numberless ways. Its honourable career has been due to the skill with which its members have recognised the needs of science at the moment, and the direction in which their work could be most profitably applied. It will be a matter of universal regret should this spirit cease to guide its work.

When I was talking with the Director of the school in March of this year, he asked me about the route I intended to follow in my proposed journey in Phrygia during the summer, explaining that two of his scholars intended to travel in Asia Minor, and that it would be misapplied labour if we all went over the same ground. I at once described the route which I had in my mind, and which I have since actually traversed. M. Claire, one of the two intending travellers, was then present. Some time later I talked with M. Claire on the same subject. I gave him some information about the best way of travelling in Phrygia, and again pointed out on the map my proposed route.

My astonishment was great when I gradually realised in the course of my journey that the French party had just traversed the very same route which I had described to M. Claire as the one I intended to follow. In justice to M. Foucart, the Director of the French School, I must state my conviction that it was without his knowledge that the two scholars chose to follow the route I had described to him and to M. Claire. I might, indeed, have resigned this field at once, and gone in another direction; for so much of the country is unknown that one can hardly make a mistake in taking any route, and working it thoroughly. But this, I soon saw, was impossible. So hastily and perfunctorily had the French scholar done his work (M. Claire had turned back in bad health to Smyrna, and the other scholar, M. Paris, was alone), that it was still as necessary as before to examine the country for oneself. When we began our journey from Serai Keui, the railway terminus, we were told that M. Paris had started about ten days before us. When we arrived in Smyrna, after exploring carefully and thoroughly the country that he had scamped over, I found awaiting me the July number of the *Bulletin* of the French School, containing an article by M. Paris giving some of the inscriptions copied on his journey. It is worthy of note that the May-June number, for which a long article of mine has been in type for more than three months, has not yet been received by any subscriber in Smyrna.

The paper which M. Paris has published contains a description of the site of the ancient Sebaste, and the text of five hitherto unpublished inscriptions which he found in the neighbourhood. The first of these inscriptions is dated, according to him, in the year 5 A.D. It is, as he remarks, interesting on several grounds, but he does not observe that his explanation of it would overturn all previous theories as to the functions of the "High-priest of Asia." There developed under the Empire a system according to which the priests of the whole province were subject to the supreme authority of the High-priest of the Imperial *cultus* in the province; but it is believed that this system grew very slowly, and that the High-priest of Asia acquired his paramount authority only at a late period. According to M. Paris (p. 450, l. 6 from bottom), the High-priest already possessed this authority in 5 A.D. But Mr. Sterrett, my travelling companion, reads, instead of ΕΤΟΥΣ-ΠΕ (i.e., 89 = 5 A.D.), ΕΤΟΥΣ-ΣΠΕ (i.e., 289 = 205 A.D.). This reading takes away much of the interest of the text, but agrees singularly well with M. Paris' second inscription. There a certain Q. Memmius Teuthras is mentioned as Ἀσίας ἀρχιερέων ἔγγονον; the date is 245 A.D. The first inscription speaks of Memmia Teuthrantis the High-priestess; according to the usual rule, her husband was, doubtless, High-priest, and Q. Memmius was their grandson. M. Paris remarks that Sebaste *semble s'être donnée tout entière et avoir voué un culte tout particulier aux empereurs*. This is quite possible, but the inscriptions to which M. Paris appeals as proof have no bearing on the point. He appears to have the wildest ideas as to what an ἀρχιερεύς Ἀσίας is, and imagines that, if a lady of Sebaste is ἀρχιερέα Ἀσίας, the city must for that reason have been specially devoted to the Imperial *cultus*. Now, the word ἀρχιερεύς is a term of very wide application. (1) The Κοινὸν Ἀσίας had temples of the Imperial *cultus* in various parts of the province, the oldest being the temple of Rome and of Augustus at Pergamum, built 19 B.C. The official who had the supreme direction of the *cultus* in all these places was the ἀρχιερεύς Ἀσίας; according to M. Waddington, this office was held by one person at one time, and, if he was married, his wife was ἀρχιερέα. (2) The name ἀρχιερεύς Ἀσίας is also applied, by courtesy, to subordinate officers, who directed the *cultus* in each separate city where the

Κοινὸν Ἀσίας had established temples of its own; the full title of these officials was ἀρχιερεύς τῆς Ἀσίας πάντων τῶν (or πάντων τοῦ) ἐν Σμύρῃ, Ἐφέσῳ, &c. The High-priest of Asia was in one year a native of Sebaste, in another of Eumeneia; but this does not prove that there was any special seat of the Imperial *cultus* in those towns. The High-priests were selected from the whole province, the chief qualification being ability to support the expense. An inscription of Acmonia mentions a citizen who is ἀρχιερεύς Ἀσίας πάντων τῶν ἐν Ἐφέσῳ. (3) An ἀρχιερεύς might be an official of some purely local *cultus*, not connected with the *cultus* directed by the Κοινὸν Ἀσίας; such a High-priest was not entitled to the name of High-priest of Asia. The people of Sebaste were quite at liberty to dedicate a temple to Augustus, to devote themselves specially to his *cultus*, to style the priest ἀρχιερεύς; but, if Memmia Teuthrantis had been the High-priestess of such a local *cultus*, she would not have been ἀρχιερέα τῆς Ἀσίας.

In the second inscription published by M. Paris, there occurs the following remarkable phrase:—τῆς ἀναστάσεως ποιησαμένης Στρατείας κ. τ. λ. M. Paris does not point out the difficulty of this reading. It is true that bad grammar is common in Phrygia, but such a gross fault in so common a formula should surely have struck him as suspicious. Mr. Sterrett reads, instead of Ι Η, a *lettre liée* of N and H, and in the space above it a very small O. There is, therefore, no doubt that the Π must have had a little curve at the end of the horizontal stroke, making it a *lettre liée* of Π and P, and that the reading is τῆς ἀναστάσεως προνοησαμένης Στρατείας. The phrase προνοεῖσθαι τῆς ἀναστάσεως is as common as ποιεῖσθαι τὴν ἀνάστασιν.

M. Paris' third inscription is a long list of citizens of Sebaste; he modestly refrains from claiming the credit of adding several astounding names to Pape-Benseler's *Lexicon*. In ll. 30, 31, he reads Μηρόφιλος Βλέπιδος φύσει Εὐπάτορος. This might pass for a misprint were it not for a remark made at the top of p. 456. The formula is a very simple and common one, though it puzzles M. Paris—Μηρόφιλος β. Λέπιδος, φύσει Εὐπάτορος: Menophilos, son of Menophilos, who is also called Lepidus, by birth son of Eupator. Double names are exceedingly common in Phrygia, and in this inscription they are often given more fully—Μηρόφιλος β. δ. καὶ Λέπιδος, &c.

In l. 32, M. Paris reads Ἰλέγων. The stone reads faintly, but certainly, Φλέγων.

Yet another *monstrum informe*. M. Paris tortures ll. 40, 41, into this shape:—

Ἀλέξανδρος Μελίτωνος ΛΟΝ
Διδώρος Πανθίου Γένους.

I need hardly point out that the correct reading is

Ἀλέξανδρος Μελίτωνος Λον-γείνος.

Want of space constrained the engraver to place half of the name Longinus below the line.

M. Paris claims to have given special care to topographical study: p. 448, l. 10, *une étude attentive des lieux*. In the first line of his paper he remarks that Seljikler and Sivasly are on the road from Isheky to Ushak. In reality these villages lie several miles to the east of that road. A separate road leads from them to Ushak, crosses the Banas Tchai by a different bridge, and does not join the Isheky road till they both reach Ushak. This error seems slight, but it blurs a very interesting point in historical geography: the road system of the district was determined in ancient time by the situation of Acmonia, as in modern time by that of Ushak. Kiepert's map agrees with M. Paris, but we expect from a member of the French School some correction of that old work. Is it not clear that M. Paris, from ignorance of their importance, cared naught for roads and routes, but contented himself with reproducing, as results

of his own observation, the well-worn errors in Kiepert's map?

The phrase *au pied du Bulgas Dag* may seem felicitous to one who uses Kiepert's map in a library. M. Paris accordingly borrows it (p. 2) to give local colour to his sketch, and to express his own experience as a traveller. It needs eyes to explore Phrygia, but one who had made any use of his eyes would have observed that Kiepert places the Bourgas Dag much too far to the north and east. M. Paris, the slave of Kiepert, writes the name Bulgas; probably, in his hurry, he could not find time to ask the name of the mountain under which, or the village through which, his route led. Had he done so, he would certainly have written Bourgas.

Fortified by the authority of Kiepert, M. Paris ventures to correct M. Waddington for using the form Seldjik, and gives the name Sedjikler. It is not easy to pick holes in M. Waddington's work. The form Seldjik is correct, the form Sedjikler wrong. The village is called indifferently Seljik and Seljikler, singular and plural; so a neighbouring village is Hadjim or Hadjimlar; the name Sedjikler is unknown.

An attentive study of the localities enables M. Paris to affirm that Sivasly and not Seljikler is on the site of Sebaste. I should not venture to say that, and should be glad if M. Paris had given me the opportunity of criticising his reasons for the statement. But what has he to say about the splendid situation of Sebaste, the sources of its importance, its relation to other cities? Not one word. And yet he professes to have made *une étude attentive des lieux*.

If I give no longer list of M. Paris's errors, it is not for want of opportunity, both in the text of his inscriptions and in his commentary; but I have spent enough of time on this paper. Had he chosen some other route, he would have certainly found equally interesting inscriptions, for the country is full of them, and he would have earned the thanks of the world for publishing what would otherwise have been unknown. As it is, he has only done hastily and carelessly what he knew very well was about to be done deliberately and thoroughly. Believing, I suppose, that I, from my knowledge of the country, had chosen for myself some specially rich route, he thought he could, by a rapid journey, gather the first-fruits, and gain the glory of publishing the best of the inscriptions. When ours are published, it will be seen how he has succeeded.

I may mention that, in examining carefully the district which M. Paris traversed in such hot haste, we fixed the sites of nineteen cities of the Græco-Roman period, assigning the names to each usually from the evidence of inscriptions found on the spot. In this number I include no cities whose site was previously known, and no cities for which I am still unable to find a name. I refer only to those which no one had as yet attempted to localise, and to one or two which had been wrongly placed; but I do include three which I had placed correctly in an article published last year in the *Bulletin* of the French School of Athens.

W. M. RAMSAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE OLD MEETING HOUSE, NORWICH.

Belle Vue Rise, Norwich: Aug. 4, 1883.

The society's transcriber was informed by the caretaker that 1,800 persons had been interred in the Old Meeting House and burial-ground. The result of our work is the recording of the inscriptions on thirty-two monuments, memorials, and stones in the interior of the building, naming fifty-two persons. In the burial-ground attached 146 stones and monuments remain, of

which twenty-nine have the inscriptions totally obliterated, one having the words "To the Memory of the Rev." alone remaining. Ten other stones have the names only—e.g., "Thomas Pigg;" two others are partially obliterated, and three have the dates wanting. The remaining stones commemorate 177 persons. In the interior, the oldest memorial is to the memory of

IOHANNIS COREY, A.L.M.
Anno { Salutis 1698
Ætatis Suae 67

On the floor is a stone with a crest and the following inscription:—

Here lieth the Body of
ELIZABETH OFFLEY
one of the daughters of
STEPHEN OFFLEY Esq^r
and Granddaughter of
ROBERT OFFLEY Gent^e
and MARY his wife
both interr'd near adjoining
to this Place;
who departed this life
the 28th of Sep^r 1741
Erat 22

On the north wall there are two mural tablets—viz.:

In Memory of four Clergymen, ejected by the Act of Uniformity, A.D. 1662 and who subsequently became pastors of this Church.

Rev. Tho^s Allen M.A. who died Sep. 21. 1673
Rev. John Cromwell B.A. who died Ap^l — 1685
Rev. Rob^t Asty, who died 1686
Rev. Martⁿ Finch, during whose Ministry the
"Meeting House" was built A.D. 1693
and who died Feb^y 13, 1697

In Memory of the Rev. W. Bridge, M.A. who died March 12. 1670. Aged 70.

He was ejected from St. George's Tombland A.D. 1636 for not reading "the book of sports" and founded the Norwich and Yarmouth Congregational Church A.D. 1642.

Also of the Rev. Timothy Armitage, the first Pastor of this Church, who died Dec^r — 1655

In the burial-ground the oldest stone remaining is inserted in the north wall, and dated 1713:—

Here lieth y^e Body of Mr. Edward Williams, late Minister And Elder of the Baptist Congregation, Lately Meeting in the Granary in the City of Norwich, who died April 12th 1713, aged 73.

Is Williams dead: that cannot bee Since dead in Christ so Liveth hee

Restored by members of St. Mary's Chapel, November 1867.

The next oldest stone is dated 1721:—

Behind this stone
James Forby's body Lay
waiting the mercy of
the Judgement day.
Aged 89 years, died on
the 27 of March 1721.

(Not given in Blomefield.)

The next oldest stone is dated 1723:—

Here lieth y^e Body of
THOMAS WITHERS who
Died Feb. y^e 16th 1723 Aged
49 Years.

There is a stone to the memory of Ann widow of the late Mr. Thomas Sothern, who died March 3, 1834, aged 81 years.

There are two stones with the following inscriptions:—

To
the Memory of
M^{rs}. LYDIA BANFATHER
who died May 1st
1813
Aged 83 Years.

To
the Memory of
M^{rs}. SARAH BANFATHER
who died Feb. 7th
1811
Aged 73 Years.

Is the name "Selth" uncommon? for there is a stone to the memory of Selth Coppin, who died November 3, 1831, aged 59 years.

These reminders of the departed may prove of interest to the congregation, if not to the citizens and the nation; and, should some persons be stirred to stay the hand of "time" by preventing the fast fading away into oblivion of any inscription, the society's labours will not have been in vain.

WM. VINCENT,
Secretary of the National Society for Preserving
Memorials of the Dead.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE regret to record the death of Mr. George Love, the well-known printseller, of 81 Bunhill Row. He died on August 2 in his eightieth year, and had conducted his business for about sixty years in the same house. His knowledge of the work of Dürer, Rembrandt, and other old masters, which was almost unrivalled, will be greatly missed by many.

THE British Archaeological Society will meet this year at Dover, beginning on Monday, August 20, under the presidency of Lord Granville. Visits will be paid to Canterbury, Sandwich, Saltwood Castle, Westenhanger, &c.; and excursions have also been arranged to several places of interest on the other side of the Channel.

A SOCIETY has been founded at Naples, under the patronage of the Queen of Italy, for the study of the history of miniature painting. The president is Sig. Capasso, the learned Neapolitan historian; and among the most active members is Don Oderisio Piscicelli, of Montecassino, whose *Paleografia Artistica* and facsimiles of the illuminations in the *Bibliotheca Cassinensis* are well known in England.

THE Madonna della Staffa (Conestabile) of Raphael, for some time shown in the Hermitage at St. Petersburg, has, by the will of the late Empress of Russia, been incorporated in the collection. In transferring it from panel to canvas it has been discovered that the book which is now held by the Virgin was substituted by Raphael for a pomegranate. This fact is specially interesting, as it identifies a drawing in the Albertina Collection at Vienna as the first design for the Madonna della Staffa.

THE recent exhibition of a hundred *chef-d'œuvre* at the gallery of M. Georges Petit at Paris is to be commemorated by a work of unusual splendour. Each of the masterpieces will be engraved, and the engravings are to be published in parts, with studies of the painters by M. Albert Wolff. The text of the first two numbers will be devoted to Corot and Millet.

A BUST of Voltaire, discovered among the old models of the royal manufactory of porcelain, has been added to the special collection of Voltairean relics at the Château of Sans Souci. It is believed to have been presented to Voltaire by Frederick II.

A COMMITTEE has been formed at The Hague, with Dr. Wijnmalen as secretary, to make selection of a design for the bronze statue of Grotius which it has been determined to erect in the market-place at Delft. The competition is not limited to Dutch sculptors. Plaster models must be sent in before December 1 of this year.

THE committee in Zürich have adjudicated the execution of the Zwingli monument to Heinrich Natter, a Tyrolean living in Vienna, whose sketch won the first prize among forty-four. Natter, though as a sculptor self-made, feels himself deeply indebted to an English Maecenas. While still a poor youth, he was enabled, by the liberality of the late Mr. Joseph Geldart, of Manchester, to pursue his artistic education. Mr. Geldart found him in the Galleria dell'Arte in Venice copying a Venus, recognised his genius, and made him a free student for years. He lived to see several considerable works of his protégé—"Brunhilde," "Wodan," "Sigfrid," a number of portraits, the "Haydn" for Vienna; but he died just before this last success—the only drawback to Natter's joy. The statue, which is to be cast in bronze, represents the beligerent Reformer and learned precursor of Calvin standing with sword and Bible in his hands. The expression is powerful in its fine simplicity and religious heroism.

A HITHERTO little-known picture by Van Dyck has recently been placed where it will soon become better known. It is "The Adoration of the Shepherds," long hidden away in the Hospice of Lille. It has now been transferred to the Musée des Hospices which has lately been opened at Lille in the Palais Ribour. For nearly a century the picture formed the altar-piece in the chapel of the hospital.

CONSIDERABLE alterations are being made and projected to the Hôtel de Ville at Brussels. It is proposed to restore the left wing—that towards the Rue de l'Hôtel de Ville—as it was in the fifteenth century. The work is to cost half-a-million francs, 180,000 of which are to be expended upon a series of statues of historical personages to be placed on the façade. The Salle des Fêtes in the Hôtel de Ville has just been decorated with tapestries representing the trades of Brussels. They are the work of M. Geets, of Malines. The Salle des Mariages has also been redecorated with emblematic paintings.

THE Turners' Company will hold their annual competition in the art of hand-turning in wood, ivory, and metal at the Mansion House in October next. The prizes will include the freedom of the company and various medals and certificates of merit given by the guild, as well as money prizes. Special prizes will be given to apprentices. In the wood and ivory classes, the qualities essential to success are beauty of design, symmetry of shape, utility and general excellence, exact copying, fitness of the work for the object proposed, and novelty. In the metal classes, the essentials are truth in turning, accuracy in fitting and finish, exactness in copying, due proportion for stability and strength, and elegance in form.

A LARGE quantity of rare silver coins were found lately at Borzecice, in the Krotoczin district of Prussian Poland. A farmer was having a large stone removed from one of his fields, and the men found deep beside it an urn with 530 silver coins of Bohemian, German, Hungarian, and even Anglo-Saxon mintage. With them were some silver ornaments and a few silver bars. They were all taken to the Berlin Museum.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Handel. By Mrs. Julian Marshall. "The Great Musicians." (Sampson Low.) The authoress has based her work chiefly on Dr. Chrysander's *G. F. Handel*; and therefore it will prove welcome to those unacquainted with that remarkable and, unfortunately, incomplete *Life of the great musician*. So long as she has Chrysander as her guide, she is pretty accurate

in facts and dates. There are, however, even in this portion of the book some errors. For example, the overture of the Italian Cantata "Fillide e Aminta" was not transferred entire to "Rinaldo;" the Cantata "Nell'afriane" does not contain the C below the bass stave, but C sharp. There are several little slips of a similar kind. When, however, Mrs. Marshall loses her guide, she makes very doubtful statements. She leads the reader to suppose that the "Choice of Hercules" was written in 1749, instead of 1750; and her remarks with regard to the re-instrumentation of Handel's works are inaccurate. In her catalogue of compositions at the end of the book there are a few mistakes; but she notices the discovery of the Sonatas (1694) at Buckingham Palace—a fact not mentioned by Mr. Rockstro.

The Art of Singing. By Margaret Watts Hughes. (Stanley Lucas.) No one can read Mrs. Hughes's Preface to her work, or the work itself, without coming to the conclusion that she is a conscientious teacher; and she speaks with the authority which experience alone can give. Only a few words are devoted to the invisible organs which produce sound; attention is called principally to the different positions and movements of the mouth. Every vowel and combination of vowels and consonants is connected with vocal exercises throughout all preliminary studies of singing. The system is, therefore, a practical one; the student gradually learns not only the art of vocalisation, but how to sing songs. The authoress acknowledges the debt of gratitude which she owes to her teacher, Sig. Garcia. She has studied his book, and has learnt much from it; her system, however, has been thought out independently, and she suggests a "definite, systematic, and practical" course of study.

Original Tunes to Popular Hymns. Composed by Joseph Barnby. Vol. II. (Novello.) Twelve years ago the first collection was published; since that time Mr. Barnby's name has not been forgotten, and there is every reason to believe that the present volume will be received with favour similar to that bestowed on the earlier one. The tunes now gathered together were written for "The Hymnary," "Church Hymns," and "The Church Psalter." Mr. Barnby is determined that congregational music shall have its share of chromatics and passing notes; these he uses with skill and effect, though at times they certainly seem to add weakness rather than strength. We cannot speak of the tunes in detail; it must suffice to say that among them are many which are firm favourites throughout the churches and chapels of the United Kingdom.

The Morning and Evening Service. By G. F. Cobb. (Novello.) The author has written a short Preface to his Service which, though not treating of matters purely musical, is, nevertheless, of interest. He touches upon the authority—or, rather, want of authority—for the response after the Gospel, its different versions, and other points. The music shows that the composer, while looking back, is marching forward. Cadences, fugal points, and old tunes tell of the past; while various licences, plentiful use of chromatics, and enharmonic modulation tell of the present, and perhaps of the future. When the two styles are in close juxtaposition, as on pp. 7 and 9, the effect, it must be acknowledged, is somewhat disturbing. The employment of modern means in church music is worthy of attention; and Mr. Cobb certainly deserves praise for his attempt.

How to Teach the Pianoforte to Young Beginners, by Lady Benedict (Joseph Hughes), is a little pamphlet giving useful hints to teachers of the young. We quite agree with the authoress in thinking that the study of the piano and, in a

small way, the study of harmony should both be attempted from the beginning and that to these two should be added *solfege* practice.

The Organist's Quarterly Journal. Part 59. (Novello.) The first number is a *Concert-Satz* by Otto Dienel, professor of the organ at Berlin; some of the writing is effective, but without any special character. An *Allegretto* by W. Wolstenholme does not say much; there are awkward pauses in it, and some rather forced imitations. A Postlude, in the form of an Introduction and Fugue, by the Hon. Adela Douglas Pennant has no particular merit. A Postlude by G. B. Gilbert is restless, and the part-writing by no means pure.

Fantasia for the Pianoforte. By H. C. Banister. (Stanley Lucas.) This piece is divided into two important sections. First we have a *Larghetto* in F minor, with two themes, Weberish in character; a short and effective passage leads to an *Allegro* movement in Sonata form. The principal theme is derived from the opening one in the *Larghetto*. The workmanship is solid and elaborate, and the passage writing, classical in form, is smooth and elegant. The *coda* is exceedingly well worked out. Players will find in this composition excellent study both for the fingers and the mind.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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